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The Outlook

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EDITORIAL:

Mr. McKinley's Letter..... 417
Ex-President Harrison's Speech.. 417
Progress of the Campaign..... 418
Municipal Franchises..... 418
Favoritism in Railway Rates.... 419
Li Hung Chang's Visit..... 419
More Massacres in Turkey..... 420
The Dongola Expedition..... 421
The Matabele Rebellion..... 421
The Campaign..... 422
The Commonwealth—V..... 422
Freshness of Feeling..... 423

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

Can We Be Prophets?..... 425
By the Rt. Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D.
Humor in Our Classical Literature 429
By W. C. Lawton
Defective Classes..... 430
By F. W. Hewes
Coddling in the Dame-School.... 431
By One of the Dames
For the Girl with Aspirations Toward Art..... 432
By Lila G. Alliger
Not Yours, but You..... 432
The Widow Malone and Her Pig. 433
By Alice L. Anderson

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:

The Friends' General Conference. 435
English Methodist Conference.... 435
A Missionary Circuit of the Globe 435
The Gospel on Wheels..... 436
Strength of American Churches, etc., etc..... 436

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

History of Christian Doctrine (Fisher)..... 437
New Books..... 439

CORRESPONDENCE
NOTES AND QUERIES

September

By Jane Marsh Parker

Purple asters here at last!
And thistle-seed a-blowing!
And what is this in the blackbird's song?—
The locusts pipe it shrill and long,
Over and over: "Past—past—past—
The summer days are going!"

Stay, chattering squirrel! Why this fret
For hoard you're sure to gather?
And cunning spinner, why so soon
A shroud to weave—a last cocoon?
The bitter frost is far off yet,
Though summer days are going.

Perhaps (who knows?) to grass and fern
Comes bitter pang in turning
From youth to age. Perhaps the wood
Rebels against a faded hood,
And would escape it if it could;
And that with wrath the sumachs burn,
When summer days are going!

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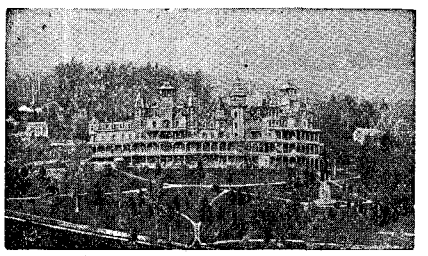

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 54 Saturday, 5 September, 1896 Number 10

MR. McKINLEY'S letter of acceptance makes perfectly definite his position upon the financial issue. He declares specifically against the further coinage of silver until an international agreement is reached, and he makes the financial issue the primary one of the campaign. One-half of his letter is devoted to its discussion. He begins with the declaration that the free coinage of silver would mean "the free use of the mints of the United States for the few who are owners of silver bullion, but would make silver coin no freer to the many who are engaged in other enterprises." Heretofore, he says, the United States has bought silver bullion at its market price and has virtually pledged itself to maintain its silver coin at par with gold. Under a free-coinage law there would be no pledge of any sort. "The bullion-owner on the basis of present values would receive the silver dollar for fifty-three cents' worth of silver, and other people would be required to receive it as a full dollar in the payment of debts. The Government would get nothing from the transaction." If the free coinage of silver should raise the value of silver bullion so that a silver dollar would be at par with a gold dollar, "then we would have no cheaper money than now, and it would be no easier to get." Free coinage would not, however, thus raise the value of silver bullion. It would mean "the debasement of our currency to the amount of the difference between the commercial and the coin value of the silver dollar." Already, says Mr. McKinley, the United States has put in circulation $624,000,000 of silver, or paper representing silver. This, he says, is more silver than any other civilized nation circulates. The Republican party, he declares, proposes to keep all our present silver at par with gold, but not to issue more until an international agreement can be reached. He declares that the free coinage of silver by this country would not promote international bimetallism, but defer and possibly defeat it. It would simply "destroy confidence, impair the obligation of contract, and create a panic of unparalleled severity." Summing up his argument, Mr. McKinley says: "It is not an increase in the volume of money which is the need of the time, but an increase in the volume of business. Not an increase of coin, but an increase of confidence. Not more coinage, but a more active use of money coined. Not open mints for the unlimited coinage of the silver of the world, but open mills for the full and unrestricted labor of American workingmen."

❀

Turning now to the question of the tariff, Mr. McKinley pictures the conditions in December, 1892, as set forth by President Harrison's last message, and the conditions to-day. He says that the change has been brought about by the Wilson tariff bill, which has reduced revenue so as to produce a deficit, and has increased importation so as to take work from our own laborers and have it performed abroad. Upon this last point he compares exports and imports for a period of fifteen months under the McKinley Act and a period of fifteen months under the Wilson Act. During the months selected our imports did decrease less than our exports. It may be observed, however, that the contrary is true if we compare the whole of the last three years with the whole of the three years preceding. Our average yearly imports have declined $124,000,000, while our average exports have declined but $60,000,000. If we restore a high protective tariff, Mr. McKinley urges, the deficit in the public revenues will be replaced by a surplus, confidence will be restored, and our labor will be employed. Especially, he says, will the farmer be helped by an increased tariff, for the farmer has especially suffered from the Wilson Bill, which made wool free and greatly reduced its value. Mr. McKinley concludes his letter with a eulogy of the Republican planks in favor of pensions, the development of American shipping, and civil service reform, and a call upon all loyal citizens to unite in putting down the spirit of hostility between classes and sections declared to animate the Democratic platform.

❀

The Republican campaign in New York was formally opened on Thursday evening of last week by a mass-meeting at Carnegie Hall in this city, which was addressed by ex-President Harrison. Mr. Harrison began his speech by saying that there never had been a time in his life when he had so high a respect for so many Democrats. The readiness of so many of them to bolt from their party was a proof to him of the strength of patriotism within the Democratic party. The Democratic bolters, however, were asking too much when they urged that the Republican party should "reorganize itself because the Democratic party had disorganized itself." The defeat of Mr. Bryan could be accomplished only through the Republican party, and Democrats who believed that Mr. Bryan's defeat was of supreme importance should support the Republican party. Mr. Harrison proceeded to summarize the Chicago platform. He declared that its denunciation of President Cleveland for sending troops into Illinois without awaiting the request of the Governor was a denunciation of him for enforcing National law. He declared that the arraignment of the Federal Courts for using "the familiar writ of injunction" to suppress violence was a dangerous assault upon constitutional government, and that the suggestion that the Supreme Court should be reorganized so as to reverse its recent decision against the income tax was an attack upon the independence of the judiciary. Mr. Harrison said that he was inclined to put these issues to the front. He did not propose to discuss the tariff question. This, he said, had been disposed of by the recent hard times, due, he believed, to the Wilson Act. Regarding the free coinage of silver, he said that Jefferson and Hamilton, when fixing a ratio, had ascertained as nearly as they could the ratio prevailing in the markets of the world. The free coinage of the two metals at the ratio of 16 to 1, when the market ratio was 31 to 1, was, said Mr.

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Harrison, as absurd as a declaration in favor of two bushels, one containing sixty pounds and the other containing thirty pounds. Mr. Harrison did not believe that the free coinage of silver would raise the value of silver bullion at all. It would simply mean a "fifty-cent dollar" and a "readjustment" of prices which would result in "panic and disaster." The only person helped, besides the debtor, he declared, would be the mine-owner, who would be allowed to use this Government "to add fifty cents to the value of every dollar's worth of metal he produces from his mines." Our Government, he said in conclusion, had restored all its currency to a par with gold. It would not permit any step in the other direction.

❀

Mr. Bryan made several short campaign speeches last week. At Albany, where he was the guest of Senator Hill, he took up the declaration of his opponents that what is wanted is not more money but more confidence. Mr. Bryan declared that the only way to restore confidence is to restore the value of the property in which confidence has been lost. The confidence of the business public in the notes that business men have issued cannot be restored, he said, "by legislating value out of the property upon which the notes rest." "If those who own money and who hold contracts payable in dollars are willing to so legislate as to make their property more valuable, how can they appeal to those who own property and owe debts to join them in that sort of legislation?" Next to this Albany address the most important delivered was at the little town of Knowlesville, in the western part of this State. Here Mr. Bryan had an audience of farmers variously estimated at from 12,000 to 20,000. In his speech to them he followed Secretary Carlisle's division of society into "the idle holders of idle capital" and "the struggling masses who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country." The lenders of money, he said, profited by a policy that forced up the value of money and forced down the value of property, but the struggling masses were injured by such policy. He pictured to his audience the young men who, starting out in life, had invested their savings in farms, giving a mortgage for part of the price, and described the hardships that have come to such men and their families from the fall in prices and the fall in the value of their land. Those who believe the gold standard to be a good thing, said Mr. Bryan, are those who profit by an iniquitous increase in the value of money. But the struggling masses who suffer from it have never favored it, and will not consent to its perpetuation.

❀

The Republican State Convention in New York finally nominated for Governor Congressman Black, of Troy, who distinguished himself by his prosecution of those responsible for the election murders in that city. The nomination is satisfactory to both wings of the party, and the division that was threatened if Mr. Platt had consented to accept the nomination has been avoided. In nearly all the States the anti-silver Democrats have held conventions and elected delegates to the National Convention to be held in Indianapolis this week. In several States these conventions have been large and enthusiastic. In Pennsylvania the new party has called itself the Jeffersonian party, because the law of the State seems to forbid its use of the name Democratic. General Bragg and Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin, and Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, are most prominently mentioned for the Presidential nomination. General Buckner, of Kentucky, is the most prominent candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination. In Kentucky the Populists and Democrats have definitely failed to effect a fusion. Last year the Republican plurality was 8,000. In Ohio, Michigan, and Oregon complete fusion has been established between the Populists and the Democrats. The terms arranged in these States are considered extremely favorable to the Populists. In Idaho two Republican State Conventions were held last week. The one, composed of the supporters of Senator Dubois, indorsed the Bryan Presidential electors, the Democratic fusion nominee for Governor, and the Populist fusion nominee for Congress. The other, composed of the supporters of Senator Shoup, nominated McKinley electors and indorsed the St. Louis platform, except that it declared in favor of free coinage as the best means of securing international bimetallism. In the primaries the Dubois or Bryan faction carried about four-fifths of the counties.

❀

The quarrel that has been going on for some time between the local Philadelphia boards and Mr. Quay has been the occasion of the public's gaining another insight into the methods pursued in securing valuable municipal franchises upon terms most advantageous to the grantees. The testimony elicited before the Senatorial Investigating Committee in Philadelphia makes it clear that the Mutual Automatic Telephone Company in 1894 secured privileges, sought in vain by other companies, by distributing stock among influential politicians. A Councilmanic Investigating Committee brought out the fact that there had been issued by this Company seventy-five certificates of stock for six shares each, twenty-five certificates for twenty shares each, and two certificates for 1,525 shares each. The two for 1,525 each were in the name of David Martin and Charles A. Porter, the local Republican bosses, respectively. One of the certificates for six shares was traced to the estate of a deceased Councilman. This Committee could get no further, because of the dilatory tactics of interested and influential members. Martin and Porter testified before it that they had no knowledge that the stock stood in their names. The Senate Committee has, however, shown by the evidence of Mutual Automatic employees that Martin had received originally a certificate for 6,000 shares, which he returned to be broken up in blocks of 6, 20, 500, and 1,525 share lots; and, further, that both Martin and Porter had signed proxies (photographs of which were produced) authorizing the Company's attorney to vote and use their stock. Mr. Martin demanded a hearing to explain his connection with the concern and his former denial; but because he was not permitted to have his counsel present and conduct the examination, he refused to testify. Here the matter rests for the present, for just as the public was getting an insight into municipal methods, thanks to the fight among the bosses, Mr. Quay apologizes to Martin and endeavors to remove "the dollar-mark branded on the latter's forehead" in the United States Senate in January, 1895, when he accused Martin of having had his political judgment biased and controlled by a large corporation in whose employ he alleged Martin was. This is undoubtedly the first step toward a reconciliation between the contending factions. Mr. Quay's political fortunes now seem to require an alliance with the strong and powerful under-lords, Martin and Magee, and so reform must go by the board, except as independent bodies like the Municipal League (which is growing in numbers and influence) keep up the fight.

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President Stickney, of the Chicago Great Western, has given some testimony before the Inter-State Commerce

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Commission at Chicago, which would make a valuable appendix to his invaluable book on "The Railroad Problem." He was asked by the Commission to explain how it happened that his road secured nearly all the grain traffic in the territory reached, and that his many competitors received so small a share. His general freight agent had been asked the same question, and had replied evasively. President Stickney answered it with characteristic boldness. His road, he said, had organized a grain-buying company, and shipped the grain purchased by this company at its own convenience instead of the convenience of the grain-dealers. By taking its own time for shipments, his road could carry grain for the farmers far more cheaply than his competitors in the pool. His competitors, he said, did not carry grain for the farmers, but gave cut rates to the larger dealers that forced all the traffic into their hands. Addressing the attorneys of the other roads, he said:

"Here is the trouble: I have been acquainted with this Northwestern country for thirty-five years. In all that time there has never been a year that the corn crop was moved until after the corn was in the hands of the dealers who had the rate. Once the farmer is compelled to sell his grain, then you fellows cut the rate for the dealer. There is in Kansas this year 240,000,000 bushels of corn. Not over 25,000,000 bushels has been moved so far this year. The farmer, the small dealer, has not the rate. He is compelled to sell, and then you fellows make the rate for the purchasers, and the corn moves. . . . You charge the Kansas and Nebraska farmer thirteen cents to haul his grain 200 miles. You charge the grain-dealer six cents to haul that same grain twice as far to Chicago. I tell you it is that kind of business that is making anarchists west of the Missouri River."

Whether or not the Chicago Great Western has a legal right to organize a grain-buying company is but one of the legal questions the Commission is asked to consider. The whole object of the present investigation, President Stickney charged, was to force his road to join a pool organized by his competitors in direct violation of law. The Inter-State Commerce Commission, organized to prevent pools, was being made their agent. Altogether, the charges of pooling, secret rate-cutting, and other illegal operations brought by railroad officials and admitted by them in this investigation would furnish texts for any number of sermons and editorials on obedience to law in high places.

❀

The Anti-Bar-Room Bill, which is the chief issue between the two parties in Georgia at the State election this year, is a prohibitory measure. It establishes in every county which so votes a "public liquor-store," but these liquor-stores, unlike the dispensaries in South Carolina, are not permitted to sell liquor to be drunk as a beverage. The agents at these stores are to be salaried officials, and are required to keep lists of all persons to whom they sell liquor, and the amount of these sales. These lists must be examined by the grand jury at each term of the Superior Court for the purpose of ascertaining whether the provisions of the act have been faithfully complied with. The public liquor-store is not to transact any other business, or be connected with any store transacting other business; it is to have no characteristic of a bar-room; it is to be simply a public office where liquor is to be sold for other than beverage purposes, and where no liquor may be drunk for any purpose. Manufacturers of liquor within the State are required to sell exclusively to these public agencies, and all other liquor-stores are declared nuisances, which may be restrained by injunction. The measure has the support of the Populists, and of a large part of the church members among the Democrats. In the coming election, however, party lines, as usual, are likely to be followed, regardless of convictions upon the moral issue presented. The result seems to depend upon the negro vote. The Republicans have no ticket in the field.

❀

Li Hung Chang certainly cannot complain of lack of warmth in his welcome to this country. He has been greeted by the President and Secretary Olney, saluted by our men-of-war, dined ceremoniously and informally, interviewed (so far as he would permit) by the press, while his doings have in the relation occupied vast space in our daily papers, which have doubtless rejoiced mightily at so piquant a sensation for the summer season. Here, as in Europe, Earl Li (as it seems to be etiquette to call him) has conducted himself with dignity and urbanity, and has confirmed the belief that he is a man of force and skill, a diplomatist and leader of men. His thirst for information seems to be boundless, and his ingenuous questions are sometimes a little embarrassing. Those who read the account given by Colonel Frederick D. Grant in The Outlook last week of the forming of the friendship between General Grant and Li Hung Chang will be especially interested in the reports of the latter's visit to General Grant's tomb. As in his similar visit to the statue of General Gordon in London, Earl Li bent with reverence before the tomb of the great American, placed a wreath upon the sarcophagus, and in a few well-chosen words spoke of his affection and respect for one of the few really great men he had known. Another distinguished foreign visitor arrived in New York last week—M. Ribot, the French statesman who has twice been at the head of the French Ministry, and than whom there is no abler man among the Moderate Republicans. He comes solely for health and travel, and evidently desires to avoid publicity. Still another visitor of note will soon be here. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the English Secretary for the Colonies, also announces that his visit is solely for personal reasons, but it is hoped that he may have an opportunity of talking over the Venezuelan question with Mr. Olney.

❀

The failure of the great New York dry-goods store of Hilton, Hughes & Co., successors to A. T. Stewart, throws 1,700 people out of employment. When one thinks of the suddenness of the blow and the number of families dependent on these wage-earners, the failure assumes the aspect of a great calamity, and reminds us of the closeness with which in our modern industrial conditions the interests of employer and employed are bound up together. The ultimate cause of the failure was undoubtedly the movement of retail trade away from the situation of the great store, yet when it was built in 1866 many doubted the wisdom of erecting so enormous a building so far up-town. For many years "Stewart's" was one of the sights of the metropolis, and there the astute merchant made far the greater part of his enormous fortune; in one year (1875) a business of over twelve millions of dollars was transacted. Since Mr. Stewart's death the firm has been several times changed in its composition. Judge Hilton retired some three years ago, and his son, Alfred B. Hilton, has for the last year been sole proprietor. The credit of the firm has been strained for some time, but has been so far sustained by Judge Hilton's aid as an indorser. Every effort has been made to popularize the trade and to enter into successful competition with rivals, but in vain. The liabilities are put at about $2,000,000; the assets are probably considerably less than half of this amount.

❀

The Massachusetts census for 1895 shows an increased proportion of naturalized voters. From 1875 to 1885 the proportion of naturalized to the whole number of voters

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increased from 19.73 per cent. to 22.31 per cent., and during the succeeding decade to 24.62 per cent. The distribution of naturalized voters is somewhat uneven, the extremes in this respect being Dukes and Bristol Counties, the former being almost destitute of such voters, while the latter has nearly fifty per cent. In Boston the naturalized voters constitute 32.57 per cent. of the whole number, but in some of the manufacturing cities the proportion is even larger. The total voting population of the State is 560,802. The total number of males of twenty years of age and over is 771,706, and of these 160,610 are aliens. The increase of the naturalized voters may be viewed as a cause of congratulation or alarm according to their average of moral character and intelligence. This touches one of our gravest problems, one in which the weighing of votes is of far more importance than counting them. The test is loyal and patriotic American citizenship, and the fitness to exercise its political privileges.

❀

The appointment of a supervisor of the kindergartens in the public schools of this city will soon be made, and The Outlook desires to emphasize again the necessity of putting an expert in that position. It is very important that the kindergarten instruction in the city schools should be of the highest grade, and it will be impossible to secure such instruction uniformly unless the general overseer of the kindergartens is thoroughly grounded in the Froebelian principles and thoroughly conversant with the best kindergarten methods. To put any person, however capable in other directions, but who lacks this specific training, in charge of these schools would be treating the kindergarten with gross unfairness, and the children who will come under kindergarten instruction with gross injustice. It would involve, moreover, a flagrant violation of the law which ought to govern all appointments in our schools; for such appointments ought to be based in every case, not only on character, but on expert knowledge and training. If the level of teaching in this country is to be raised, it must be done by treating teachers on a professional basis, advancing them as recognition of skill and competency, and giving the foremost places to those who have justified their right to claim and hold them. In kindergarten circles the position of supervisor of the kindergartens in the city schools is recognized as one of the leading positions in the profession. To give it to a person who has had neither expert knowledge nor special training would discourage all just ambitions and bring reproach on the cause of education. The matter becomes, therefore, one of wide interest, and The Outlook refuses to believe that the Board of Education will expose itself to the just censure of the country by violating a fundamental principle of educational reform.

❀

Commissioner Carroll D. Wright has issued a statistical report on convict labor in the United States. The total number of convicts in our various penal institutions has risen from 41,887 in 1885 to 54,244 in 1895, and the number engaged in productive labor has increased during the same period from 30,853 to 38,415. The total value of goods produced or worked on in the United States in all the State prisons and penitentiaries was $19,042,472 in 1895—a decrease. In 1885 the total value of the product of convict labor was $28,753,999, and the wages paid for convict labor in that year aggregated $3,512,970; at the present time the total value of convict labor does not exceed $2,500,000. The decline is made clearer by an enumeration of the States in whose penal institutions it has taken place. These are Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Michigan, Mississippi, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Tennessee, and West Virginia. In the remaining States there was an increase.

❀

When massacres take place in the wilds of Armenia, it is not surprising that it is hard to get full reports of what has happened. But surely it should not be difficult to learn the truth about events in Constantinople itself. Yet the accounts of the troubles there last week are confused and conflicting. It is asserted that a large band of Armenian revolutionists seized the Ottoman Bank, disarmed the gendarmes and porters in charge, fortified the building, and declared that they would destroy it by dynamite if reforms in the treatment of Armenia and Armenians were not granted by the Porte. The reports assert further that these revolutionists promptly surrendered on promise of safe-conduct, and were quickly "shipped to a foreign port." Simultaneously, it is stated, revolutionists made demonstrations in other parts of the city. What followed this revolutionary outbreak was precisely what might be expected. Hundreds of Armenians—one account says 2,000—were killed in all parts of Constantinople. Reports say that the Powers have sent a joint note to the Sultan protesting against the slaughter. We have become so used to these feeble protests from time to time, and to the Sultan's reply that he is doing his best to preserve order, that we expect no practical outcome. Until the Powers lay the hand of force upon the Sultan, revolutionary plots or alleged plots will continue to be found and to afford an excuse for further atrocities. It is possible that a change of policy on the part of Russia may follow the death of Prince Lobanoff-Rostovsky, who was responsible for his country's refusal to join in coercing the Sultan. Meanwhile our own Government is said to be at last upon the point of actively urging the demands for indemnity for the destruction of mission property at Marash and Harpoot. These demands have so far met with no response from the Porte, and the Sultan has refused permission for a United States gunboat to pass the Dardanelles, though this privilege has been granted to other Powers. The Bancroft—a small and far from formidable vessel—is now being fitted out, and her destination is supposed to be Turkey. Exactly what she is to do there does not appear. Another and larger vessel may accompany her. So far, this country can be proud of only one thing in its relations with the Armenian question—the prompt and extensive relief it has, by private contributions, furnished to the wretched sufferers. Miss Clara Barton, of the Red Cross Association, who is now in England, has sent out four expeditions which have visited hundreds of villages and furnished relief to many thousands of people in the form of tools, seed, cattle, looms, and other aids to self-support, besides the direct relief of food and clothing. Our own readers have aided in this good work to the extent of over $7,500. This has been only one of several agencies through which Americans have helped to relieve the terrible distress. The need continues; the coming winter will be a hard one for the Armenians, many thousands of whom are without shelter or food.

❀

From the international standpoint the recent events in Zanzibar are interesting mainly as they affect the slave trade. This has been carried on almost openly, though nominally it has been strictly forbidden. As Great Britain has a protectorate over Zanzibar under its agreement as to

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East Africa with Germany, the slave trade has been a reproach to Great Britain itself. The death of the Sultan, Hamid ben Thwaid—some say by poison—was followed by the seizure of the palace by one of the claimants to the throne named Saïd Kalid. The British authorities supported another claimant named Hamond, notified Saïd Kalid to surrender the palace, and upon his refusal to do so opened fire from the British ships in the harbor. In less than an hour the palace and custom-house were destroyed, the Zanzibar navy (consisting of one antiquated vessel) was sunk, and the rash usurper barely escaped with his life. Saïd Kalid took refuge with the German Consul, who has refused to give him up on the demand of the British Consul. The claimant approved by the British authorities has been duly proclaimed Sultan. Of all the "small wars" waged by England, this is probably the smallest and shortest. It had been thought that the annexation by Great Britain of Zanzibar might follow the death of the late Sultan, but all such intention has been disclaimed; very likely Germany's jealousy of England in African matters may have something to do with this. It is very earnestly to be hoped that under the new Sultan an honest attempt may be made to do away with the atrocities of the slave trade.

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The Anglo-Egyptian expedition is about to resume the march to Dongola, if it has not already done so. An action is considered imminent, and press dispatches are now controlled by the military authorities. At the same time comes the news of a Belgian expedition from the Congo Free State, and its arrival at Lado, on the White Nile, three hundred and twenty-five miles north of the Victoria Nyanza. There are reasons for believing that the two expeditions are acting in harmony, with the object of finally crushing Mahdism; at all events, the British Government allowed several hundred Housas, a tribe under its protectorate, to join the expedition. The Belgians will, according to the general impression, go further north in the direction of Khartoum, while the British advance will be southerly. Thus the Mahdists will be hemmed in on both sides, and their final defeat will follow. It is rather late in the day to assert, in the face of these facts and probabilities, that the British advance is solely for the purpose of protecting the Egyptian frontier; other and ulterior objects seem to be disclosed. For if the whole Soudan be reconquered from the dervishes, as in all human probability it will be, a strong British force will be needed to hold it, and the pretense of Egyptian evacuation will have to be abandoned. This is what public opinion in England has anticipated; and, as was recently contended in The Outlook, honesty and diplomatic urgency alike demand a frank avowal that the occupation of Egypt must be indefinitely prolonged. There is no doubt that the extinction of Mahdism appeals alike to British, Belgian, and Egyptian interests; but the conduct of the expedition and the appropriation of its results must be mainly British, and all the world knows it, and expects Great Britain to acknowledge it. The late Jules Simon was wont to emphasize the danger of too much provocation to the "faith and fury" of Mohammedanism; but in Africa, and especially in the Soudan, Mohammedan rule is hated by the subject races, which would gladly welcome a release from it.

❀

The impis of the Matabele rebels have been broken up, the principal chiefs have surrendered, and the insurrection is at an end. Colonel Plumer's brilliant victory, won against great odds, has convinced the natives of the uselessness of further resistance. It is altogether unlikely that the scattered remnant of those who occupied the Matoppa hills will be able to organize again. However, the exigency of the situation is the question of so reorganizing the country that the work of mining, settlement, and railway-building may be proceeded with. The Chartered Company had never really conquered Rhodesia; it had done only enough in that direction to make its mining schemes temporarily practicable. The Matebeles had deemed themselves unjustly treated by the Company, and had been waiting for the opportunity which the British defeat at Krugersdorp seemed to give them. Now that they have been crushed, it is absolutely necessary to turn their enmity into good will, at least if the prosperity of Rhodesia is to be assured. Black labor in the mines, on the farms, and in the opening up of communications is indispensable. The Matabeles must not, therefore, be driven out of the country, but, on the contrary, must be induced to remain and co-operate with the British in the work of reorganization. This can be done only by an honest and wise policy in regard to their labor; and it will be necessary to neutralize the discontent and suspicion which were formerly engendered among the natives by the treatment of the mine-owners. New roads, an immediate resumption of railway-building, and a permanent military organization to overawe rebellion are the pressing needs of Rhodesia.

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The Cretan question has assumed a decidedly hopeful aspect. The project of a blockade by the Powers having been quickly abandoned upon Great Britain's refusal to have anything to do with it, a genuine and reasonable plan of reform has been proposed by Austria, approved by Russia, England, and Germany, and (if the dispatches are trustworthy) has been accepted by Turkey. This plan, while it would not give autonomy to Crete, would make that island semi-independent, and ought to secure peace and good government. It calls for a new constitution to be granted to Crete by the Porte. Under it the Governor would be a Christian, an annual tribute in money would be paid by Crete to Turkey based on the actual income of the island, the management of financial affairs would rest with the Cretan Legislature, the Turkish garrison would be greatly reduced in number, and a council of foreign consuls would have supervision over the carrying out of the reforms. If the Porte really accepts the plan in good faith, it will be due to the direct influence of Russia, and will be a very great concession from Turkey's usual attitude of stubborn opposition to reform. Fighting still continues between the Christians and Mohammedans; the former, who are in a large majority, have been successful in several contests.

❀

French and German popular feeling is just now acutely alert to the variations of comment and criticism regarding the Kaiser's acceptance of the invitation to Germany to take part in the Industrial Exhibition at Paris in 1900. It is only just to say, however, that the dominant tone of the press in both nations is one of approval. It is, as might be expected, accompanied by utterances which show the stinging memories of defeat on the one hand, and the elements of distrust on the other; while a section of the German press, said to voice the Bismarckian views, is plainly hostile to the conciliatory action of the Kaiser. French Chauvinism has not shown itself nearly so violent on this occasion; the steady good will of the Kaiser has evidently softened its roughness. The moderate section of the German press rejoices that Bismarck is not at the head of affairs to strengthen the feelings of enmity, and attributes the Kaiser's action, unnecessarily we think, to

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the influence of Chancellor Hohenlohe. As the feeling between France and Germany is the ground of the Franco-Russian Alliance and the Dreibund, the other nations included in these two great pacts are also keenly observant of the present incident. They approve Germany's acceptance of the invitation, and see in it some degree of reassurance to their own apprehensions. Apart from the political aspect, there is likely to be a close rivalry in the manufacturing interests of the two countries. The Parisian press has a confident tone, and professes not to fear for the superiority of French skill and taste; but there have been abundant proofs of recent advances in German manufacture, as well as warnings to prepare carefully for the time when close comparisons will be made.

The Campaign

The political campaign, owing to the confusion incident upon the introduction of new issues and the sudden division of parties, has not yet fully defined its lines of demarcation or arrayed the contestants in solid and clearly separated masses. The great body of influential Democrats opposed to free coinage will take action during the present week, and the crystallization of parties will then go on more rapidly. It is probable that the last five or six weeks will see one of the hardest-fought fights since that which ended in Lincoln's election.

No issue has been so sharply presented since the Civil War as that of this campaign, nor has feeling been more earnest and intense; and yet it has so far been an unusually dignified and serious campaign. The speeches of Mr. Harrison, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Reed, and Mr. McKinley's letter of acceptance, have put the discussion on a high plane. There have been no compliments between the contestants, no attempt to substitute smooth phrases for frank speech; but there has been a marked avoidance of violence of phrase and a marked appeal to reason. It is evidently, so far at least, a campaign of reading and argument. The issues do not admit of the easy, loose, and fluent oratory which has so often held the platform in previous years; the old-fashioned political speaker finds his capital exhausted. Nobody wants to hear about the war; laudations of the past services of parties are received in silence; the tariff question hardly excites a ripple of interest. Everybody wants to hear about the currency question; and to discuss the currency question, even in a superficial way, demands study and thought. The campaign is, therefore, educational in every sense of the word; it makes even the politicians think!

And it is a frank campaign; evasion and meaningless generalizations are not only discredited but abandoned; they have long been dishonest, they have now become impossible. Mr. McKinley's letter of acceptance is a model of frank and direct speech. The Outlook is not only in accord with its attitude towards the currency question, but it finds great satisfaction in the unequivocal character of its declarations. It gives the currency question the first place, and it puts the anti-free-coinage position with lucidity and force. The frankness of this utterance will win the support of many who, like The Outlook, are at variance with Mr. McKinley on some other questions. If the campaign is held to the level upon which it has been opened by the leaders on both sides, it will give political discussion in this country new quality and meaning.

The Commonwealth

V.—The Merchant

Independence is a word much glorified in the United States, but independence does not exist. We are dependent on each other, and as civilization increases dependence increases. The Indian family is complete in itself; it comprises warrior, farmer, manufacturer, tailor, boat-builder, architect; its various members fight the battles, cultivate the garden, grind the corn, make the garments, build the canoe, construct the wigwam. As we grow in civilization this independence disappears; each man, and later each community, renders one service and exchanges the product of its labor with some other man or some other community. Waltham and Elgin make watches, Lowell and Lawrence make cotton cloth, Lynn makes shoes, Grand Rapids makes furniture. No civilized community uses more than a small fragment of what it produces, and no civilized community could live on the products of its own labor. At breakfast we drink coffee from Java and tea from Japan; we eat meat from Chicago, and bread baked in New York of flour manufactured in Minneapolis from wheat grown in Winnipeg. The Western farmer cannot eat the corn he cultivates, nor keep warm without clothing manufactured in the East; and the Eastern manufacturer cannot wear the clothes he manufactures, nor live without the breadstuffs brought to him from the West.

Thus grows up an interchange of industries. We serve one another whether we will or no. Our necessities coerce us into brotherhood. It is literally, materially, commercially true that no man liveth to himself.

This interdependence finds its instrument, this commercial comradeship its expression, in the merchant. We use this word merchant, in lieu of a better term, to designate the man, to whatever branch of trade he belongs, whose business in life it is to facilitate this exchange of the products of industry, to transfer wealth from points where it is in excess and would be wasted to points where it is needed for the maintenance and promotion of life. We include in this general term the railroad worker who is carrying food from the prairies to the manufacturing towns, the wholesale dealer who is purchasing in one overloaded market and distributing in another which but for him would be famine-stricken, the much-abused "middleman" who carries the supply to the individual home, the banker who supplies the currency and creates the credit system by which these complicated transactions are carried on. If Jacob had lived in our time, he would not have sent his sons up to Egypt to buy corn. He would have drawn a draft on Memphis, and bought his corn at the railroad station in Hebron. Where distribution is easy, famine is impossible. When thousands have died of hunger in China and India, it has not been because there was no bread in China and India, but because there were no railroads to transfer bread from the provinces where it was in abundance to those in which were thousands dying for lack of food.

It is not the function of the merchant to make money—any more than it is the function of the lawyer, the doctor, or the minister. A life devoted to money-making is always a despicable life. He who so devotes himself declares his faith that the meat is more than the body, and the raiment is more than the life. It is the function of the merchant to distribute wealth, to make available stores which but for his service would rot uselessly where they have been produced, to carry supplies to the needy from those who need them not, to bind together all mankind in a commercial brotherhood and

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so make self-interest serve love. In an ocean steamship the steam is produced and the power generated near the center of the steamship and carried by the main shaft two hundred feet or so to the screws, where it is employed in driving the vessel through the water. If this shaft breaks, screw and engine are alike useless; the pilot cannot even guide the vessel; she is helpless. The mercantile fabric is such a shaft. It carries the forces of life from the points where they are produced to the points where they are needed. On the maintenance of this transmitter depend not only the farmer and the manufacturer, but also the teacher and preacher. For if this breaks down, the operations of life stop, the State labors, storm-swept, in a heavy sea, and even guidance and instruction become difficult and impossible until the break is mended and the operations of life are resumed. While the earth-worker is gathering from nature's stores the material necessary for human life, while the manufacturer is converting it into forms available for human use, the merchant is distributing it to human need. Whatever his motive may be, his work, rightly conducted, is always a work of beneficence.

A Common Injustice

It was the pathetic fate of Cassandra to be compelled to see with absolute clearness of vision what was coming, and to be denied that credence which would have made her words the words of life to those about her. She saw men and women rushing on to doom, but she could not persuade them to pause or change their course. In a lesser degree a similar experience awaits those clear-sighted people everywhere who see distinctly the conditions of success, who discern the difference between true and false methods, and who cannot close their eyes to the mistakes and shortcomings of those who are nearest to them. It is one thing to be patient, forgiving, and loving; it is a very different thing to be blind. It is a beautiful quality which makes a wife, for instance, long-suffering in dealing with her husband's faults; it is a great misfortune for both when she does not see them. Love is reputed to be blind; but in this, as in so many other matters, rumor lies. Love is, above all things, clear-sighted; because it longs for the best in its object, and will rest in nothing short of the best. The blindness to faults which people sometimes show to those whom they love is often taken as an evidence of love; it is simply evidence of lack of perception. Clear-sighted people cannot help seeing things as they are, and no depth of affection or devotion can dim a vision which is, in itself, a form of spiritual integrity. Hence it happens that the clear-sighted are often called unsympathetic, cold, and critical. They see with perfect distinctness that white is white, and they cannot lie about it to please or comfort themselves or their friends. To one who sees that a certain course is leading inevitably to complication and disaster it is impossible to say pleasant things about it. To the easy enthusiast, whose fancy instantly and undiscriminatingly responds to every new plan or enterprise proposed, the elementary common sense of the man who brings judgment to bear on all matters seems almost brutal in its lack of sympathy. To see the barren waste which lies beyond the gloom on the horizon carries with it the constant possibility of being misunderstood and misrepresented. To have high ideals and to know what good work is lays a heavy burden on one who would like to approve what he sees is defective and to praise what he knows is inferior. It must be the consolation of those who care for the best things, and cannot be content with less than the best, that, however misunderstood, they are standing for what is noblest in life and addressing what is noblest in their friends. If one whom we love does a thing badly, it is not only lying to praise it, but it is a betrayal of friendship; for friendship is based on truth, and telling the truth is the very highest service of friendship. The clear-sighted are often the most enthusiastic and devoted followers of a cause; but it must be a real cause, not a golden mist.

Freshness of Feeling

The primary charm of art resides in the freshness of feeling which it reveals and conveys. An art which discloses fatigue, weariness, exhaustion of emotion, deadening of interest, has parted with its magical spell; for vitality, emotion, passionate interest in the experiences of life, devout acceptance of the facts of life, are the prime characteristics of art in those moments when its veracity and power are at the highest point. A great work of art may be tragic in the view of life which it presents, but it must show no sign of the succumbing of the spirit to the appalling facts with which it deals; even in those cases in which, as in the tragedy of "King Lear," blind fate seems relentlessly sovereign over human affairs, the artist must disclose in his attitude and method a sustained energy of spirit. Nothing shows so clearly a decline in creative force as a loss of interest on the part of the artist in the subject or material with which he deals.

That fresh bloom which lies on the very face of poetry, and in which not only its obvious but its enduring charm resides, is the expression of a feeling for nature, for life, and for the happenings which make up the common lot, which keeps its earliest receptivity and responsiveness. When a man ceases to care deeply for things, he ceases to represent or interpret them with insight and power. The preservation of feeling is, therefore, essential in all artistic work; and when it is lost the artist becomes an echo or an imitation of his nobler self and work. It is the beautiful quality of the true art instinct that it constantly sees and feels the familiar world with a kind of childlike directness and delight. That which has become commonplace to most men is as full of charm and novelty to the artist as if it had just been created. He sees it with fresh eyes and feels it with a fresh heart. To such a spirit nothing becomes stale and hackneyed; everything remains new, fresh, and significant. It has often been said that if it were not for the children the world would lose the faith, the enthusiasm, the delight which constantly renew its spirit and reinforce its courage. A world grown old in feeling would be an exhausted world, incapable of production along spiritual or artistic lines. Now, the artist is always a child in the eagerness of his spirit and the freshness of his feeling; he retains the magical power of seeing things habitually and still seeing them freshly. Mr. Lowell was walking with a friend along a country road when they came upon a large building which bore the inscription "Home for Incurable Children." "They'll take me there some day," was the half-humorous comment of a sensitive man, to whom life brought great sorrows, but who retained to the very end a youthful buoyancy, courage, and faculty of finding delight in common things.

It is a significant fact that the greatest men and women never lose the qualities which are commonly associated with youth: freshness of feeling, zest for work, joy in life. Goethe at eighty-four studied the problems of life with the same deep interest which he had felt in them at thirty or forty; Tennyson's imagination showed some signs of waning power in extreme old age, but the magic of feeling was

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still fresh in his heart; Dr. Holmes carried his blithe spirits, his gayety and spontaneity of wit, to the last year of his life; and Mr. Gladstone at eighty-six is one of the most eager and aspiring men of his time. Genius seems to be allied to immortal youth; and in this alliance resides a large part of its power. For the man of genius does not demonstrate his possession of that rare and elusive gift by seeing things which have never been seen before, but by seeing with fresh interest what men have seen so often that they have ceased to regard it. Novelty is rarely characteristic of great works of art; on the contrary, the facts of life which they set before us are familiar, and the thoughts they convey by direct statement or by dramatic illustration have always been haunting our minds. The secret of the artist resides in the unwearied vitality which brings him to such close quarters of life, and endows him with directness of sight and freshness of feeling. Daisies have starred fields in Scotland since men began to plow and reap, but Burns saw them as if they had sprung from the ground for the first time; forgotten generations have seen the lark rise and heard the cuckoo call in England, but to Wordsworth the song from the upper sky and the notes from the thicket on the hill were full of the music of the first morning. Shakespeare dealt with old stories and constantly touched upon the most familiar things, but with what new interest he invests both theme and illustration!

This freshness of feeling is not in any way dependent on the character of the materials upon which it plays; it is not our irresponsible temperamental quality which seeks the joyful or comic facts of life and ignores its sad and tragic aspects. The zest of spirit which one finds in Shakespeare, for instance, is not a blind optimism thoughtlessly escaping from the shadows into the sunshine. On the contrary, it is drawn by a deep instinct to study the most perplexing problems of character, and to drop its plummets into the blackest abysses of experience. Literature deals habitually with the most somber side of the human lot, and finds its richest material in those awful happenings which invest the history of every race with such pathetic interest; and yet literature, in its great moments, overflows with vitality, zest of spirit, freshness of spirit! There is no contradiction in all this; for the vitality which pervades great art is not dependent upon external conditions; it has its source in the soul of the artist. It is the immortal quality in the human spirit playing like sunshine on the hardest and most tragic facts of experience. It often suggests no explanation of these facts; it is content to present them with relentless veracity; but even when it offers no solution of the tragic problem, the tireless interest which it feels, the force with which it illustrates and describes, the power of moral organization and interpretation which it reveals, carry with them the conviction that the spirit of man, however baffled and beaten, is superior to all the accidents of fortune and indestructible even within the circle of the blackest fate. As Œdipus, old, blind, and smitten, vanishes from our sight, we think of him no longer as a great figure blasted by adverse fate, but as a great soul smitten and scourged and yet still invested with the dignity of immortality. The dramatist, even when he throws no light on the ultimate solution of the problem with which he is dealing, feels so deeply and freshly, and discloses such sustained strength, that the vitality with which the facts are exhibited and the question stated affirms its superiority over all the adversities and catastrophes of fortune.

This freshness of feeling, which is the gift of men and women of genius, must be possessed in some measure by all who long to get the most out of life and to develop their own inner resources. To retain zest in work and delight in life we must keep freshness of feeling. Its presence lends unfailing charm to its possessor; its loss involves loss of the deepest personal charm. It is essential in all genuine culture, because it sustains that interest in events, experience, and opportunity upon which growth is largely conditioned; and there is no more effective means of preserving and developing it than intimacy with those who have invested all life with its charm. The great books are reservoirs of this vitality. When our own interest begins to die, and the world turns gray and old in our sight, we have only to open Homer, Shakespeare, Browning, and the flowers bloom again and the skies are blue; and the experiences of life, however tragic, are matched by a vitality which is sovereign over them all.

The Outlook Vacation Fund

It was almost impossible to believe that this girl, energetic, bright, with shining eyes and rounded pink cheeks—pinker than was natural because of the blush at the exclamations of surprise and delight of her friends and companions at the change in her appearance—was the same who two weeks before had left the factory at noon on Saturday so white, tired, aimless, that nothing but the urgency of the four girls from the factory who were going with her on her vacation compelled her to go. She had no desire, no wish, not even the energy to stop working. The work was there, and by force of habit she went to the factory every morning. Her condition for months had brought to the observer's mind the comment of a physician who, when asked what was the matter with a tailor who was one of his patients, responded, "Nothing. He is dying of old age at thirty-six." This girl of eighteen had lost every impulse to live. Her wages helped support a family of five. You felt that this was the reason that she lived; for herself there was no reason. She was so quiet as to be left out of the "fun" that brightened the lives of the other girls.

This Monday noon, after two weeks in the country, she stood the vision of youth, full of life and energy and hope. All the natural impulses of girlhood had returned. She could not understand the excitement her appearance created. "My mother just cried when she looked at me," she said in the soft voice which had been her only charm. Did there come to the mother the vision of what ought to have been, if life had offered fair opportunities?

THE VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged	$4,069 32
J. V. S., Carthage, N. Y	5 00
M. E. B., Northampton, Mass	5 00
H. McC. M	5 00
Tokio, Japan	3 00
S	1 00
E. F. M	3 00
M. C. N., Middlebury, Vt	10 00
L. L. C., East Orange, N. J	2 00
M. H. G. L	5 00
From a Friend, Lakewood, N. J	10 00
J. O	6 00
F. A. B., San Francisco, Cal	5 00
In Memoriam	6 00
C. B. C	10 00
W. M. R	5 00
D., Easton, Pa	7 00
B. A. B., Thousand Island Park, N. Y	5 00
A. S. H., Astoria, N. Y	2 00
D., Buffalo, N. Y	3 00
Old Citizen of N. Y., Hawaiian Islands	25 00
T. A. M., Davenport, Ia	5 00
From Providence, R. I	5 00
C. R. R., Manheim, Pa	1 00
A. B. E. J., Providence	2 00
Thank Offering, Point Chautauqua	2 00
Mrs. J. B. H., Madison, Wis	3 00
W. H., New York	25 00
A. S. W., Hyannisport, Mass	50 00
I. J. M. and A. H. A., Vernon, N. J	2 00
H. S. B., Madison, N. J	2 00
C. R	2 00
Mrs. M. and Daughter	2 00
Interested, Brooklyn	5 00
H. T. K., Lansdowne	25 00
L. O. U	5 00
L. M. W., Maplewood, N. H	25 00
S. S. P., Twilight Park, N. Y	10 00
J. E. M., Stamford University, Cal	5 00
A Friend	5 00
A Bay Ridge Friend	1 00
I. P. S., Burlington, N. Y	5 00
The Busy Bees	15 00
Galway, N. Y	10 00
E. L. B., Squibnocket, Mass	10 00
A Happy Family	10 00
M. S. V	1 00
A Subscriber	5 00
Mrs. M. W. L., Fairfield, Conn	5 00
"M. A.," Cambridge	10 00
Mrs. P. P., McKeesport, Pa	10 00
B. S. M	20 00
A Friend, Fairfield, Conn	2 00
P. K	5 00
Total	$4,482 32

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Can We Be Prophets?[1]

By the Rt. Rev. Frederick W. Farrar, D.D.
Dean of Canterbury

1. Can we be prophets? Most assuredly, yes. It is not the possibility which is wanting, but the will. We are called to be, every one of us in our degree and measure, prophets of the Lord; interpreters, that is, of his will to men, both on our lips and in our lives. It is, then, most important to us to meditate and understand what a prophet is, what he has to do, what he has to expect, what he may hope to achieve. What the prophet has to do is to sweeten the moral air which the world breathes; to raise the tone of society; to expose the hollowness of the compromises which the heart is constantly making with the powers of evil; to set forth an example of something higher and more heroical in religion than his age affects; to turn men's eyes from the dancing bubbles of avarice and ambition to the distant, the future, and the unseen; to live as one to whom it has been granted to see the things that are invisible. This inscription was found carved over a temple door in a southern island: "The world was given us for our own upbuilding, not for the purpose of raising sumptuous houses; life, for the discharge of moral and religious duties, not for pleasurable indulgence; wealth, to be liberally bestowed, not avariciously hoarded; learning, to produce good actions, not empty disputes." In other words, life is a serious and noble thing, and we are in daily danger—a danger to which most of us succumb—of making it a paltry, a petty, a frivolous, a dishonest, and a corrupted thing. And if God sends us prophets, it is that they may raise us up, that their words and deeds may breathe like a fresh wind through the perfumed and polluted atmosphere of society; that they may become electric to flash through all the world the wholesome lightnings of truth and faith, startling the strongholds of immoral selfishness and shattering the refuges of accepted lies. And yet all this the prophet has to do, often alone; often in deep obscurity and isolation; often in the midst of poverty and persecution; and he must do it with a deep and crushing sense of his own feebleness and imperfections, but making a loyal sacrifice of his earthly life and his earthly hopes. How, then, can we be prophets—we, the worldly; we, the sensual; we, the idle and sluggish; we, the vulgar and conventional; we, who worship Mammon, and love pleasure, and delight so much in scandal and hatred and lies? As we are, we cannot be prophets; but are the wings of six-winged seraphim—the twain with which they did fly—folded forever? Is there no temple more? Is heaven closed forever? Burns there no fire on the altar? Has the chariot of heaven ceased to descend to earth? Are there no hot coals of fire to touch and purify the unclean lips? Does the Lord say no longer from his throne above the cherubim, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" He who made the stammerer Moses his lawgiver, when he was in the wilderness but a shepherd of alien sheep; He who made the peasant Amos a prophet, as he earned his few daily pence by gathering the coarse fruit of the sycamore; He who made a prophet of Jeremiah when he was yet but a timid child; He who slung a sword round the neck of the least of the children of Manasseh, and sent him forth to smite the innumerable foe—cannot He make sons of God and heroes of us, even of us? If the world summoned us to her splendors and her feasts, if some one offered us a life of ease and wealthy self-indulgence, what a rush there would be to claim it!

> Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
> How answers each bold Bacchanal?

But when God calls us and offers Heaven as the issue, shall we all slink back in silence? Shall He alone find none to brave sorrow and loss for Him, among the many whom He has made? Well, He calls us now!

2. But God never deceives us. His prophets must be made of stern stuff, men of nerve and insight. He does not promise us any primrose path of dalliance. He says, "If ye would be my soldiers, ye must endure hardness. If ye would run in my race, ye must train. If ye would be my athletes, ye must deny yourselves. If ye are to be my prophets, then, like all my best and greatest prophets, in the world ye shall have tribulation." Why must this be so? It is, in one word, because the prophet must escape the average. The mass of mankind live the average life. They are easy-going, conventional, traditional, commonplace. They do what others do; say what others say; they do not either think or act for themselves; any shibboleth does for them, so that it is current; any sophism suffices them, so it be accepted; they are but echoes; they pair off, as one has said, in insane parties, and because they ignore the deep realities of morals and religion, they dislike to have their sand-built houses shaken, or their sluggish ease disturbed. It is almost incredible how hostile mankind has been to its greatest men. Scarcely ever has there been a great soul uttering truth but there has been the shadow of Calvary. It is because the majority do not like trouble, and to face new truth is a trouble. However much they may be told that there is no such word as *mumpimus*, still, like the old Catholic priest, they will refuse to change it for the right but unfamiliar *sumpsimus*. And that is why the world poisons Socrates, who bids it think out its own philosophy, and burns those who bid it amend its false religion. Majorities are constantly in the wrong. When Phocion heard the multitude applaud his speech, he turned round in surprise and asked, "Have I said anything wrong, then?" "Always," as Goethe said, "it is the individual who works for progress, not the age. The ages have always been the same." It is this fact which robs of any cynical bitterness the saying of a great writer, that the world is composed of some thousand million human beings—mostly fools. Well, but the prophet must escape the average; he must not be a fool. Least of all must he be so in spiritual intuition and moral views.

3. Now, we cannot get to practical applications till we have grasped fundamental facts; we cannot do even small duties without the strength inspired by great principles. It requires a converted character to make even a thoroughly honest and satisfactory housemaid. It is not so easy as men seem to assume to be a Christian. To be a party religionist—to be an Evangelical, or a Broad Churchman, or a High Churchman—is very easy. But it is not easy to be a brave, true, honest man. Let me, then, try to illustrate what I have been saying. Let me try to show that no man can be truly good unless he escapes the average; to show that to escape the average costs something; and so, gradually, from great examples, to learn what to us is so inestimably precious and indispensable to learn—namely, how, with some courage and some insight, to do our duty. Would God all the Lord's people were prophets; but we cannot be so by echoing common falsehoods and by running in conventional grooves. Let me show, by an instance, what the prophet must do and bear.

4. In the third century after Christ a boy was born at Alexandria, of Christian parents, in days of persecution. His parents trained him carefully, and he showed, even as a child, so bright a wisdom that, as he slept, the father would sometimes kiss reverently the breast of his sleeping son, whom he regarded as a temple of the Holy Ghost. Fierce persecution arose, and the father was seized and imprisoned. The boy, then but sixteen years old, showed such ardent longing for the crown of martyrdom that his mother had to conceal his clothes, and so prevent him

[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "What is a Prophet?" by Lyman Abbott (The Outlook for December 14, 1895); "The Apostle Paul," by the Rev. George Matheson, D.D. (December 21, 1895); "Clement of Alexandria," by the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D. (January 4, 1896); "St. Augustine," by the Rev. A. C. McGiffert, D.D. (February 8); "Wycliffe," by Dean Fremantle (March 14); "Martin Luther," by Adolf Harnack (March 28); "John Wesley," by Dean Farrar (April 25); "Jonathan Edwards," by the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. (May 30); "Horace Bushnell," by the Rev. T. T. Munger, D.D. (August 1); "F. D. Maurice," by the Rev. A. V. G. Allen, D.D. (August 8); and "Isaiah," by the Rev. Francis Brown, D.D. (August 15).

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from going forth into peril; yet, even then, he wrote to his father to be brave and not to shrink. The father was martyred. The boy, left with a mother and five brothers and sisters entirely destitute, toiled for their support. Being a prodigy of learning, he supported himself by teaching pupils, and then sold all his books of classic literature for an annuity of a few pence a day, on which, throughout life, he lived. Taking the Gospel literally, he would have no shoes, and but one coat, and would touch no strong drink, and lived from boyhood in severe and noble simplicity. Almost before he was a man he became the head of the great catechetical school of Alexandria. Amid constant perils he lived a life which was, from first to last, one long prayer, one long struggle for closer union with the Eternal and the Unseen. He exercised on the Church of his own day, and of all succeeding ages, an almost incredible influence. He had saints and martyrs and holy hermits and wise bishops among his converts and pupils. He won over to the faith alike Christian heretics and heathen philosophers. He wrote hundreds of books and pamphlets which others, without acknowledgment, appropriated. He was, even by the confession of his enemies, the greatest man who had risen in the Church since the days of the Apostles, and perhaps also the holiest. His homilies have been the type of all homilies since. He laid the very foundation of the science of textual criticism. He was the first who attempted a philosophy of Christianity. After years of incredible labor and self-denial, in which he rendered to the Church such services as no man has ever rendered since, he died a martyr's death in the Deciæ persecution. That man was the great Christian Father, Origen the Adamantine. And what was his reward? In his lifetime, bitter envy, malignant persecution; after his death, the *damnamus* of Augsburg and the *anathema* of Rome. The splendor of his attainments raised him a host of enemies; the depth of his thoughts frightened the conventional ignorance which took itself for orthodox belief. This greatest and holiest of men was branded as a heretic nearly three centuries after his death by the combined intrigues of a cunning and worthless bishop and a cruel emperor. For centuries it continued to be debated whether he was not suffering infernal torments; and though, in the fifteenth century, when learning revived once more, and a ray of light out of God's eternity woke the Middle Ages from their dark and ghastly dream, when ancient Greece once more "started into life, but with the New Testament in her hand"—though, I say, since then the best and greatest have ever honored the name of Origen, yet this is the man at whom, to this day, every raw sciolist and every full-fed Pharisee still thinks that he may cast a stone. Why? Because Origen was a prophet; he escaped the average; he is, even still, too great for their comprehension, too wide and deep and brave a thinker for the average mediocrity of common and cringing thought.

5. So fares the prophet on earth in matters of religion. It is the same in matters of science. At the beginning of the twelfth century after Christ a boy was born of a good family in Somersetshire, who grew up to be one of the greatest men whom the world has ever seen. Only about once in a century does God kindle the glory of an exceptional intellect; and, alas! whenever such a light is kindled, the world, which loves darkness, generally does its best to quench it; even as, in some dim cave, the birds which love the twilight will flap out an uplifted torch with their obscure wings; or as by night, in African wilds, the moths and beetles will quench with their dark carcasses the traveler's lamp. This boy, born in 1214, was the founder of experimental philosophy. To him is due the very dawn of that science which is now the glory and blessing of the world. Even in that age, besides science, he mastered Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Arabic. He was the earliest writer on chemistry in Europe. In his works he anticipated by three centuries the invention of the telescope, by four centuries the discovery of the laws of optics, by more than five centuries the invention of steam, suspension bridges, the diving-bell, and the balloon. At that time what is called the scholastic system was triumphant. It was thought that there was no knowledge to be had outside the pages of Aristotle. For a Christian teacher to run counter to this heathen philosopher was to be a heretic. The student I speak of went to Oxford, and in order to devote his life to knowledge he became a Franciscan monk. He soon discovered that the Oxford of his day was languidly feeding on the thistles of a mere verbal knowledge; and that there was less to learn from all Aristotle, and all his commentators, than was to be learned from one line on the broad page of the works of God. He wrote a book which he called his "greater work" to show what were the chief causes of human ignorance. They were, he said, these four: (1) Servile deference to authority; (2) traditionary habit; (3) the neglect to train the senses to observe; and (4) the disposition to conceal our ignorance, and make a show of our supposed knowledge. Truer words were never uttered, and they are as applicable to religion as to science, and now as they were then. Now, what happened to this splendid benefactor of humanity among the hidebound slaves of pseudo-orthodox tradition? Ignorance, malignity, folly, and that sort of animal stupidity shown by men of decided opinions which are based on nothing—against which even the gods fight in vain—led the dull monks and stupid religionists of his day to accuse him of magic and sorcery. He spent many years of his life in prison. He was insulted, scorned, and, it is believed, even tortured. That man was Roger Bacon, a far greater man than Francis Bacon, Earl of Verulam, by whom his fame has been eclipsed. It was not till the age of seventy that, broken in heart and broken by suffering, he was liberated from prison. In the last eight years of his life he was able to do nothing. He was driven to the bitter thought that men, as he knew them, were so base, so little, and so ignorant that they were not worth the pain and toil which he had endured on their behalf. God had inbreathed an intellect into one of his children which would have anticipated by three centuries the richest blessings which science has bestowed upon mankind. God kindled it; man quenched it. Truly, "however we brazen it out, we men are a little tried." Had there been no persecuted prophets to be loftier than the common run of us, we should have been low indeed.

6. I give these two instances to show that a man may be a prophet in many directions, but that if we hope, if we try, in any direction to escape the average, it will cost us something. It may cost us nothing less than the success and happiness of our lives. So that I hope that not one will say, "What is all this to me? I cannot be a great religious thinker like Origen, or a great scientific discoverer like Roger Bacon. I cannot lift mankind from the slough of intellectual sloth and moral compromise in which they love to lie." Pardon me; that is not quite true. We cannot be profound and learned like Origen, or men of superb genius like Roger Bacon, but every one of us can be humble like Origen, and brave like Origen, and unresentful like Origen; and candid, and thoughtful, and lovers of truth like Roger Bacon; and we, like them both—in great things or in little, as God shall grant to us—may help to improve the moral judgments and to raise the moral standard of the world. To do this requires no mental greatness, no grand position. It has been done by youths and timid girls, by poor women and penniless, persecuted men. Many a poor woman or boy may think that what I have said was not for them, because they never heard so much as the names of these great men; well, but their names, and the age in which they lived, are of no consequence; what is of consequence is that they were just human beings, who breathed common air of life, who had once been little babes in the cradle as you and I were. In our own way, to our own degree, we can walk in their steps, as they walked in the steps of their Saviour Christ.

7. For, mark, it does not want genius or power or learning to benefit men by braving their false judgments, by scorning their hypocritical alliances with sin, by opening their eyes to the infamy of accepted customs. It only wants—if I may use a vulgar word—it only wants pluck; fidelity; moral manliness. It wants no knowledge beyond that of the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in

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the vulgar tongue. It only wants the eyes open to see God's law. Yet how marvelously rare is this moral courage! Brute courage; instinctive courage; the courage of the tiger "which bounds with bare breast and unarmed claws upon the hunter's spear;" the flashy courage of the bully in the ring, or of the felon who, in his own brutal language, "wants to 'die game' upon the scaffold"—that is common enough; but the courage which dares to confront an angry king, or, standing up before a raging mob, dares to say, "You are wrong;" the courage which says, "I will not follow the multitude to be lost;" the courage which sees nothing but feebleness in the plea, "every one else does it, so I must do it too;" the courage of the man who, when standing up against brute force for law and right, says, "No bullets and no threats shall cow me in the clear direction of my duty;" still more the courage which can face and shame down a wrong custom amid the execrations of its votaries—that courage requires no genius except a moral genius which the most ignorant man or woman alive can show; and that moral genius of fearless rectitude is most astonishingly rare. We all know one memorable instance, to which I shall therefore but passingly allude. We know how, in ancient days, existed the horrible cruelty of public games in which criminals and gladiators—often barbarians—fought each other and stabbed each other to death before the yelling and gaping multitude. Who would have thought that such a custom would have survived no less than four centuries of Christianity? Yet it did; and we need not be so much surprised when we remember that our fathers looked on unmoved at the English brutalities of bear-baiting and cock-fighting; that dog-fighting still secretly survives, that there may be men even among my readers who have looked on at the foul and filthy spectacle of a prize-fight. But who stopped gladiatorial shows? Who wiped that infamy from the manners and morals of a nominally Christian empire? Not emperors, or consuls, or lawyers, or writers of genius, or eloquent preachers, or learned divines, but just a rude, illiterate, unknown Asiatic monk, who had the courage to say, "This is wrong," and the courage to say, "So far as I am concerned, it shall not be." The show was going on; the myriads were assembled in the Coliseum; the gladiators were matched; the Emperor was in the chair; there was a clash of swords and a stream of blood, and the horrible spectacle had fairly begun. Then, in his monk's rude dress, down into the arena leaped the intrepid man, and, unarmed as he was, thrust himself between the weapons of that murderous struggle. It was the poor blind monk Telemachus. "Who is he? What presumptuous insolence! Down with him!" The mob hooted, yelled, raged, leaped over the barriers, hurled stones at him, would have rent him limb from limb. The very gladiators, whom he would have saved, turned their swords against him. He fell a mangled mass, beaten to death by innumerable blows. It is the only day of all his life of which a single fact is known. But what a day! it was a day in which his plain sense of right and wrong, his plain courage in acting up to it, had done nothing less than liberate the world!

> Sound, sound the trumpet; shrill the fife!
> To all the sensual world proclaim,
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth a world without a name!

8. Let me give another instance. It requires no small courage to resist the power and decrees of kings. It is never right to do so except when righteousness and truth demand, and one is sorry to see those high dear issues confused for the sake of mere fantastic puerilities. When they do, when there is a clear collision between conscience and the civil power, no good man, no true man, no brave man, ought to flinch. Isaiah, we saw, did not flinch before Ahaz and Manasseh; nor Elijah before Jezebel; nor St. Ambrose before Theodosius; nor St. Chrysostom before Eudosia. Yet even Luther and Melancthon did before Philip of Hesse. John had said to Herod, with noble and blunt forthrightness, "It is not lawful for thee to have her;" yet Luther and Melancthon—though the shame of it afterwards almost broke Melancthon's heart—practically allowed Philip of Hesse to contract a bigamous marriage. Now we, thank God, are never likely, in any worthy or sensible cause, to come into collision with the civil power; but there is not one of us who may not have to confront some superior—our employer in an office, our master in a shop, if they bid us do wrong. And this may cost us much; and there is a tremendous temptation not to do it. Yet how invaluable to others one brave word, one brave act, may be! In the reign of James II., in 1683, the clergy were ordered to read a declaration which they held to be illegal. Even eminent laymen advised submission; and to refuse it was to brave a tyrant as unscrupulous and as cruel as he was narrow and bigoted. Bishop Sprat had the baseness to comply, and with pale face and shaking hands he read it in the Abbey amid the noise of the congregation as they indignantly crowded out. But fifteen London clergymen met to consider whether they should do it. They were inclined to yield, when Dr. Edward Fowler got up and said, "I must be plain. The question is quite simple. Let each man say yes or no. But I cannot be bound by the vote even of the majority. This declaration I cannot in conscience read." His courage fired the rest, carried the day, and saved England from a Popish tyranny. In four churches, only, of London was the order read. The father of John Wesley, then a curate in London, chose for his text that day the words, "Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

9. This is to act in the spirit of a prophet. It is to see the truth plainly, and to act up to it boldly; to see the truth unblinded by the mists of self-interest or the cobwebs of casuistry; to act up to it though rulers may threaten and mobs may yell.

I will give another illustration, in our own day. In the youth of many of us duels were still common. The statesmen of that time, the literary men of that time, had—many of them—been engaged in duels, as some living men of eminence have been. The custom was bad, as un-Christian, as anti-Christian as anything could be; it was "a mixture of fashion and revengefulness, of murder and suicide." And yet society, so far from condemning it, considered it a necessary institution; and every hot-blooded young fool who misunderstood a neighbor's remark thought himself entitled to demand what he called "satisfaction." Now, though this spirit of murderous resentment and this reckless disregard of human life stood utterly condemned before the bar of every moral law, it required a very brave man indeed to resist it. A story is told of one such brave man. An insulting adversary spat in his face. "Young man," he said, "if I could wipe your blood off my conscience as easily as I can wipe your insult off my face, I would strike you dead this moment." But the person who did more than any one to give the death-blow to this wicked and senseless custom in our day was a peer—the Earl of Shaftesbury—who stands foremost for his services to mankind. Years ago he received a challenge from some blustering opponent. Instead of accepting it, he wrote back a quietly contemptuous refusal, and sent the letters to the police court and the newspapers. After that the proposal to settle a quarrel by being shot at and shooting at some else—a mode of settlement which, though it did not stand above the level of the morality of the Ojibbeways, yet, simply because it was the custom of society, did not strike our grandfathers as grotesque or wrong—fell before the force of courage and insight into moral contempt and merited disgrace.

I have dwelt on these instances solely because the concrete is more likely to explain itself, more likely to act as a motive, than the abstract. And, not to talk only of distant and heroic things and persons of which history tells, I will give a very modern and every-day instance. The story has got into books; it has been told of various schools and other communities, but, as I tell it you, it was told me by one who knew, and was himself an actor in the scene. More than forty years ago, at a great English school (and in those days that state of things was common), no boy in the large dormitories ever dared to say his prayers. A young new boy—neither strong, nor distinguished, nor brilliant, nor influential, nor of high rank—

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came to the school. The first night that he slept in his dormitory not one boy knelt to say his prayers. But the new boy knelt down, as he had always done. He was jeered at, insulted, pelted, kicked for it; and so he was the next night, and the next. But, after a night or two, not only did the persecution cease, but another boy knelt down as well as himself, and then another, until it became the custom for every boy to kneel nightly at the altar of his own bedside. From that dormitory, in which my informant was, the custom spread to other dormitories, one by one. When that young new boy came to the school, no boy said his prayers; when he left it, without one act or word on his part beyond the silent influence of a quiet and brave example, all the boys said their prayers. The right act had prevailed against the bad custom and the blinded cowardice of that little world. That boy still lives; and if he had never done one good deed besides that deed, be sure it stands written for him in golden letters on the Recording Angel's book. Now, is not that kind of act an act which any one of us, from the richest statesman down to the youngest boy, might imitate? Are there no bad customs, no immoral conventions, no base acquiescences, no tolerated evils, in society? And if so, have you no share in them? Have you made no attempt to make a compromise between Christ and Belial? Are there no Temples of Rimmon in England? And, if so, have we never bowed in them? Well, whenever we see a wrong deed and have the courage to say, "It is wrong, and I, for one, will have nothing to do with it;" whenever we come in contact with a low and unchristian standard, or a bad, unworthy habit, and are man enough first to refuse for our own part to succumb to it, and then to do our best to overthrow it—we are prophets. Indeed, those who live in poor streets have even more opportunities of taking this line and of making this stand than others have. If the Gospel means the example of our Lord Jesus Christ, remember that this is the Gospel and nothing but the Gospel, though it be not expressed in the shibboleths which Pharisees are most fond of writing on their broad phylacteries. For this—to see sin, which tried to pass itself off for virtue; to expose hypocrisy, which wore the garb of religion; to save society, which was perishing of its own hidden corruption; to teach truth, though men hated it; to scatter darkness, though men loved it; to reveal the God of Love, though men had represented him as a Moloch of hatred; to teach men that their work in life was to love and to help their fellow-men, and so (and not by mere exclusive formulæ and malignant orthodoxies) to save their own souls—this, this emphatically, was the work of Christ. His work and therefore our work, for which he will inspire the courage. Be brave, be just, be truthful and honest to the heart's core, and so serve your brother man, and so serve best your Father God, and your Saviour the Lord Christ. If those be not lessons of the Gospel of the Pharisees, they are, ten thousand fold more than a gloomy Calvinism or a sectarian shibboleth, the lessons of the Gospel of Christ. "There are," a great statesman said, "there are steeps of Alma on the field of duty no less than on the field of blood." The question is, shall we be one of the vulgar throng that will not face them, or shall we be individual soldiers, however humble, in the "thin red line" that carries them against the foe? If of the latter, then God will make us, too, his prophets, and will say to us, as to Ezekiel:

"And thou, son of man, be not afraid of them. Be not afraid of their faces; be not afraid of their words, though briers and thorns be with thee, and thou dost dwell among scorpions."

There are some people whose rhetoric consists of a slight habitual understatement. When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statement by his facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance not laid down in Blair or Campbell.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Humor in Our Classical Literature

By W. C. Lawton

The group of six or seven famous New Englanders whose works are generally accepted as our American classics took themselves and their tasks, as a rule, rather seriously. Perhaps, as Henry James insists in his study of Hawthorne, life itself in the Northeast was so bare and colorless sixty years ago that they had excuse enough for being joyless; though Whittier's "Last Walk in Autumn" might alone suffice to remind Mr. James of what every philosopher knows—that outdoor freedom, health, ten books, and a friend are the only essentials of happiness. Indeed, many lives have been very cheerfully spent on far less capital than that even.

Poverty and delicate health cast a real though not a black shadow over Whittier's early life. Hawthorne was a solitary and perhaps a brooding boy, several of whose childish years were saddened by a serious lameness. Just what the bitterness of Longfellow's youth was we never saw clearly stated. Something more than the literary melancholia seems to force itself to expression in such lines as—

> . . . My heart was hot and restless,
> And my life was full of care,
> And the burden laid upon me
> Seemed greater than I could bear.

So late as his thirty-fifth year, among the causes that had prevented the creation of his *magnum opus*, Longfellow reckoned

> A care that almost killed.

Upon Emerson rested heavily poverty—from his father's death at least—repeated loss of his nearest kinsmen, and an early sense of human sorrow and folly.

The feeling for the ludicrous was not adequately developed, perhaps, in Emerson especially. It would have saved him from printing some lines which brought down well-deserved ridicule, like—

> The maiden in danger
> Was saved by the swain;
> His stout arm restored her
> To Broadway again.

This, surely, is neither wit nor poetry. We may say of Emerson's writings, as of his physical presence, that there is often a silent smile, never an audible laugh. We are even in doubt still, as a rule, whether he himself sees fully the incongruity that half-amuses us. Half-amuses only, for even when the mountain and the squirrel have a quarrel, and the former calls the latter "little prig," we not only hear but accept a real lesson in it all. Try it the next time a child recites those verses at a school exhibition. You will catch yourself sighing, or musing, before you have fairly had your laugh out with "Bun" at the expense of big, helpless Monadnock. Indeed, it is this listening for and hearing the *moral* that spoils so much poetry for maker and hearer, as Lowell often vainly told himself and his fellow-Yankees. We cannot quite imagine Emerson trying to amuse himself or others without any didactic purpose whatever.

As far as verse is concerned, the same remark might well include Whittier. He could hardly have struck a lighter tone elsewhere than in the lines—

> Believe me, Lucy Larcom, it gives me real sorrow
> That I cannot take my carpetbag and go to town
> to-morrow. . . .

Yet though he begins thus quite like a jig, he ends, after all, as devoutly as usual:

> Ah, well, the times are sadly changed, and I myself am feeling
> The wicked world my Quaker coat from off my shoulders peeling.
> God grant that in the strange new sea of change wherein we swim
> We still may keep the good old plank of simple faith in Him!

And yet, if any one fancies our Quaker laureate could not enjoy a hearty laugh, he need only read a few pages into that delightful prose essay, "Yankee Gypsies." The ver-

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satile old vagabond who figures there is described, indeed, with so much gusto and enjoyment as to suggest that even Whittier had in him a drop of that restless, Bohemian blood which almost seems the artist's birthright. Perhaps, as we return to his verse, we shall agree that he at least sees, more clearly than Emerson, and enjoys more fully, with us who read, the thread of homely quaintness in his own utterance which so often beguiles us of a smile. Many lines of "Barefoot Boy" and "To My Old Schoolmaster" will promptly come to the reader's mind. The verses of thanks for the gift of a pie end, again, with a prayer, indeed, but the imagery is surely full of true "local color," as he beseeches

> That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
> And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
> And thy life be as sweet, and thy last sunset sky
> Gold-tinted and fair, as thy own pumpkin pie!

Hawthorne, the keenest of observers, declares, I think somewhere in the "American Note-books," that every true rustic Yankee is witty, and aware of the fact. Surely he has little perception who never catches the sparkle of quiet fun in the corner of the lustrous dark eye of Hawthorne himself. The rather bitterly satirical smile with which the creative wizard regards Feathertop softens to a more tolerant, half-pitying glance at the quartet of old incorrigibles in "Dr. Heideger's Experiment." There is a bright gleam, at least, in the "Rill from the Town Pump." Once, indeed, Hawthorne forgot all his reserve of delicacy in "Mrs. Bullfrog," which seems to end with a guffaw; and "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" is almost equally crude in touch, and quite as purposeless artistically. But, furthermore, in nearly every page of Hawthorne we are conscious of the artist's astral double looking on with a whimsical, incredulous smile. Notice, for instance, how at every mention of Mistress Hibbins and her witchery, in the "Scarlet Letter," or Donatello's pointed ears, we are left in doubt whether the story-teller himself accepts or rejects this embroidery upon the tale.

Longfellow, in his lighter dramatic attempts, was doubtless compelled to try to satisfy the demand of the theater for the comic element. (The irreverent preacher in the "Golden Legend" is part of the truthful picture of mediæval life.) Chispa in the "Spanish Student" is moderately successful as a fun-maker, and Hippolito rails and scoffs at true love in the conventional fashion. More realism and color we find in the bluff old sea-dog who chaffs at the sad-faced, misnamed Constable Merry to while away his own uncomfortable session in the stocks. Some humor, too, Longfellow adds to the humorous situation which tradition had provided, as he sings of his ancestor's wooing and Miles Standish's courtship-by-proxy. The most masculine piece of fun I find in the poems, however, is the lightly sketched but burly figure of Thangbrand, the devout missionary priest of Olaf, smiting his boon companions in the alehouse dead with the poetic reflection

> To-day we are gold, to-morrow mold,

and making humble report to his master:

> "O King Olaf, little hope
> Is there of these Iceland men:"
> Meekly said, with bended head,
> Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's priest.

But is the gentle poet here aiming a sly shaft at missionaries in general? It is the curse—or the salvation—of the Puritan that he almost always *does* have some serious purpose, even in spite of himself, and always suspects himself and others of it, even if he cannot quite find it.

This brings us around naturally to the merrier pair of New England singers whom we have purposely held in reserve thus far. Lowell says stoutly, "There is no imputation that could be more galling to any man's self-respect than that of being a mere jester." Indeed, no one who ever knew Hosea Biglow supposed him to be "a mere jester." The grimmest seriousness of purpose is never far away, and most of the wit is but a turning of the knife in the deep stab of satire. Even at the catchiest of the rattling verses in his own honor, "John P. Robinson he" was probably never able to join in the laugh.

Perhaps we shall be more surprised to hear the merry-eyed little Autocrat disclaiming, with equal sobriety, the mere making of fun as an adequate purpose in life. The singer, he insists, is the consecrated knight, seeking the Holy Land of truth and ideal beauty.

> Think not I come, in manhood's fiery noon,
> To steal his laurels from the stage buffoon.
> His sword of lath the harlequin may wield:
> Behold the star upon my lifted shield.

Here at last, however, we pause incredulous. Many a lyric, indeed, like the "Voiceless" or the "Nautilus," is without a single note that hints of humor. We may even agree that in the "Last Leaf," and in many songs in a similar key, the humor and the pathos are so closely intertwined that the tear overtakes the sinful grin upon the reader's face. But surely, surely, in the "Oysterman," in "Evening by a Tailor," "September Gale," "Height of the Ridiculous," and many later as well as boyish lyrics—if the poet ever ceased to be one of the boys—we do, indeed, see the very flourish of Harlequin's own sword. Even in the "One-Hoss Shay," though we may feel the merciless rush of time, and shiver, while we smile, at lines like

> Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
> Deacon and deaconess dropt away,
> Children and grandchildren—where were they?

—yet what serious or even artistic purpose can we assign to the "Deacon's masterpiece" as a whole? And certainly the weaker doublet thereof, "Parson Turell's Legacy," with the Professor's maudlin "prelude," may well stand alone as a grown-up piece of pure fun.

But this brings us to a curious observation upon both Holmes and Lowell. The poem just mentioned is fully intelligible only to an audience of Harvard graduates on Commencement Day. To a vulgar world, already excessively given over to the ignoble and the unspiritual, these poets both present, in the main, a serious expression, or at least a determined face. The real levity, in turn, is mostly reserved for that esoteric circle of scholars and philosophers who are, perhaps, inclined to take themselves and the world too seriously rather than too lightly.

If this be hard to maintain as to Dr. Holmes—for whom the pun, the jest, the comic application, was never easy to resist—at least in the case of Lowell I assert positively that the two pieces of sheer fun-making, the poems that evaporate leaving behind only a vague sweetness (or perhaps the "Cheshire Cat" would supply a better metaphor), are the "Elegy on the Brothers Snow" and the "Response to a Toast by the Smith Professor." Both are written for scholars, and are fully intelligible only to them. One or two of the best hits in the former are mere apt quotations from Horace in the Latin. The other poem actually quotes *in Greek*, and in rhyme at that! With these exceptions, and hardly another, Lowell uses humor as an adjunct to his deadly purpose, "laying on" with it about as lightly as a Highlander swings his broadsword.

The Autocrat, as we have said, is not so easily defended. We account him guilty of many an idle jest, of pure fun galore, and in liberal, unctuous streaks at least, if not often quite unmixed with drier, stringier fibers of earnest thought. For much of this fun we can find no worthier purpose than the mere brightening of a world perhaps too prone to be—not merry, because it is not sad, but persistently sad unless industriously made merry. Well might Dr. Holmes declare at threescore and ten:

> I come not here your morning hour to sadden,
> A limping pilgrim, leaning on my staff,
> I who have never deemed it sin to gladden
> This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

Scholar, philosopher, and Puritan though he is, he ranks among our classics as the first genuine humorist.

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.—*Ruskin.*

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Delinquent, Defective, and Dependent Classes in the United States

II.—Defective Classes[1]

By F. W. Hewes

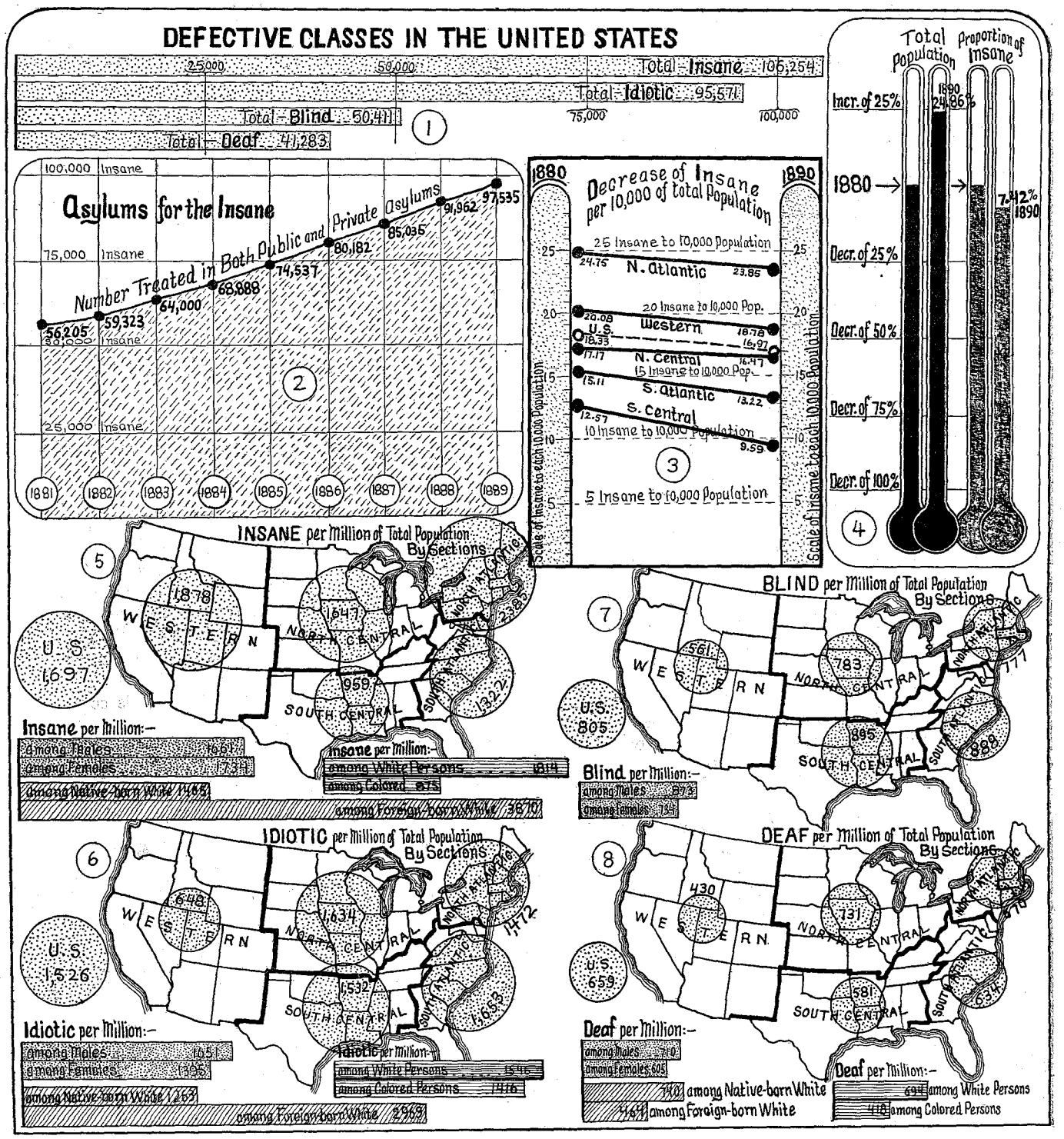
The several exhibits given below portray the distribution and graphically present many other interesting facts relative to the defective population of our country. The previous paper in The Outlook of March 7 showed how large an element (that of criminal population) calls for the repressive forces of society. This study invites attention to one division (Defectives) of the greatly larger element which calls for the exercise of the sympathetic and ameliorating forces of civilization.

It will be noted by the measuring-bars (exhibit No. 1) that the insane considerably outnumber the feeble-minded idiotic; and readers who recall the preceding paper (on Delinquents) will notice that the insane also outnumber, by more than twenty thousand, the total criminals in all the jails, prisons, and penitentiaries of the country.

[1] The first paper (on Delinquent Classes) was published in The Outlook for March 7.

It is, therefore, a wise charity that provides asylums for the care and cure of this large class of afflicted persons. It is also encouraging to know that public sentiment is responding to this provision. Twenty years ago there was a strong prejudice against placing insane persons in asylums. Even in 1880 the census found only about half of the insane in asylums; while that of 1890 found nine-tenths of them under asylum treatment, and nearly all of these (over 90 per cent.) were in public institutions. This response is graphically shown in exhibit No. 2.

Another gratifying report of the census of 1890 is presented in exhibit No. 3, which shows—considering the two censuses equally reliable—that in all sections of the United States the proportion of insane is less than in 1880. This phase of the count is emphasized by exhibit No. 4, which presents the increase in population alongside of the decrease in the proportion of insane for the whole country.



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While the mercury stands much higher in the 1890 tube of the population thermometers, it made an acceptable drop in the 1890 tube of the insanity thermometers.

The geographical distribution of the insane is shown by means of the circles on the map of exhibit No. 5. The large circle covering the North Atlantic section shows where the largest proportion of insane are found. The differences in the proportions represented by the circles are still better measured by the varying heights of the slant lines in exhibit No. 3—taking the distance of each slant line from the foot of the diagram up.

The exceedingly long bar underneath the map, in exhibit No. 5, shows that the foreign-born element of our white population contributes a much larger proportion of insane than the native-born. [This is probably due, in large measure, to the age of the foreign-born. Nearly all the children in the country are enrolled as native-born, and children are rarely insane.—THE EDITORS.] The greater proportion of white than colored insane (exhibit No. 5) is probably due, in part, to the excessive insanity of the foreign element just referred to, and also, in part, to the easy-going nature of the colored people. This comparison is in marked contrast to the similar one in the study of criminals, where, the reader will remember, the colored element furnished the extreme contribution to the convict population.

Space forbids more than a bare reference to the three other defective classes. The general distributions and other relations are shown by the map circles and measuring-bars, which are all drawn to the same scales used in exhibit No. 5. One of the striking features of each of the three maps (6, 7, 8) is the small size of the Western circle and the nearly uniform sizes of the other four circles of each map. Another striking feature is that the proportion of idiotic is so great in the foreign-born element (No. 6). Does the Government permit the immigration of idiots? If not, why is the ratio of the foreign-born idiotic so large, and that of foreign-born deaf and dumb so small?

The many other interesting and instructive comparisons must be left for the reader to search out unaided except by the general suggestions already made.

Coddling in the Dame-School

By One of the Dames

In the midst of animated discussions of vital educational questions, in the advancement of new theories or in the proving of old ones, there is a minority that remains silent.

Why is it that we seldom, it ever, hear the voice of the dame from her school, raised to give or receive aid in educational questions?

Can it be that she has no theories to expound, that experiences of value are lacking with her? Do the wheels of her school run so smoothly that she needs no aid in the oiling? or do they rattle so loudly as to deafen her ears to the cries of the outside world? In short, has the dame, whether college graduate, trained teacher, or reduced gentlewoman, whether one or all of these, with her unclassified school, her multitudinous methods, her heterogeneous subjects, nothing to say of interest to her world?

At least there is one charge brought against her, to refute which in part she should no longer remain silent, bearing the whole burden of a crime for which, at worst, she is but partly responsible; and that is the charge against the scholarship of her pupils when brought into competition with those trained in the public schools.

It may be argued by superficial observers that the faults of these lower schools are minor ones, to be blotted out later, during college life, perhaps, and that it is making a mountain out of a molehill to charge later failures to defects in the dame-school; but whoever thus easily disposes of the matter shows little appreciation of, or great indifference to, the burning truth, rediscovered by students of the new psychology, that the child is father of the man.

We of the latter class, who have been made to realize its force, *do* tremble as we contemplate our responsibility in directing the first feeble gropings of the childish mind; for next to his inherited qualities and the influences of the home atmosphere, nay, perhaps more potent than these, not even excepting his college career or his professional studies, are the character-molding first years of his school life.

It is a partial realization of this mighty truth which impels parents to select for their little ones a private school, where may be procured for a certain number of dollars and cents the services of a cultured lady and the companionship for their children of tenderly reared schoolmates.

Thus far, good; the child will be carefully guarded from that most frightful of all bugbears—namely, contact with the unmannerly young of the out-at-elbows citizen. He will breathe a sweet, harmonious atmosphere; he will be treated like a little gentleman, and he will be expected to behave accordingly; all of which is of inestimable value and amply shows the parents' wisdom.

Besides this unexceptionable moral atmosphere, there is every reason why, in his mental development, he should outstrip his less richly endowed competitor in the race for an education: by inherited capabilities; by intellectual environment, in which since infancy he has been swallowing sugar-coated pills of information; by his already extended horizon of life, he has the advantage over his rougher rival in the public schools. Indeed, the results of this advantage are shown in the brilliancy of workmanship, the rapidity of execution, the originality of thought, in which he often excels the latter.

Why is it, then, that the latter so often wins the race later in life, while the former, footsore and weary, sinks by the wayside to be picked up, it may be, by his father's coach and hurried to the goal? Is it because he knows his father's coach is in waiting around the corner, or must we look to the child and its early training for the germs of failure? Does the responsibility rest alone upon his shoulders, or must we blame the dame who taught him to add, because he has been marked zero in his final examination? Woe betide the teacher who must plead guilty to such an accusation! and it is certain that there be such who are wholly responsible; but there is many an accused who will say, when confronted by her accuser:

"There were other lessons besides Latin and mathematics I would gladly have taught your son—lessons that would have hardened his muscle and strengthened his sinew for the race; but look, here are the proofs in your own handwriting that you did not value those lessons, for when I would have taught him application you sent me this" (and, unless my experience and observation are much at fault, there is no teacher who could not produce similar documentary evidence):

"Please excuse Theodore from spelling until further notice.
Very truly yours, etc.

"Please excuse Theodore and Tommy from doing the rest of their examples. Yours, etc.

"Please excuse Theodore for not having written his composition. Very truly yours, etc.

"When I would have cultivated punctuality, I received this note:

"Please do not reprimand my children for being late, as I encourage them to sleep as long as possible.

"When I demanded accuracy and neatness, thus was my plan frustrated:

"Please do not require Theodore to copy his exercise, as I wish him to play out of doors as much as possible.
(Etc., etc., ad infin.)

"Do you wonder now that your son has lagged by the way, neglecting his work, and arriving at the goal too late?"

Then the mother turns away, still doubtful and suspicious, while the teacher glances regretfully into the past, wondering if perchance she might not have steered some middle course that would have saved both her bread and the child's powers; and, seeing none, sighs at opportunities wrested from her and plans ruined by the coddling treatment of the power behind her revolving chair.

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For the Girl with Aspirations Towards Art

By Lila Graham Alliger

Aspirations are very good in their way; without them we should never have risen to the heights of attainment which have already been stormed. If we had not sometimes sighed for the unattainable, we should not have become possessed of so much that lies between us and that distant goal. But aspirations are not all that is necessary to assure one success in any chosen line of work.

Talent must be the real motive power, while concentration and perseverance are the wheels which carry one until ability to proceed further is exhausted. Therefore, if you are thinking of studying art, be sure that you have a positive and recognized talent for it in whatever branch most appeals to you before you take it up in earnest. Perhaps you "love to paint;" possibly an admiring circle of friends and relatives (who, though well-meaning, know nothing about the first principles of art) assure you that your "plaques" and "panels" are "lovely," and feel quite certain that you are already far on the road to lasting fame, if your productions could only be brought before an equally appreciative public. In spite of all this don't be deceived by such biased opinions, but seek the advice of some good authority before deciding to devote your time and effort to something in which you may altogether fail. If such a person is not within reach, make drawings or sketches and send them to one of the well-known art schools or teachers, asking whether they display any ability which would warrant a thorough cultivation of the talent, and in nine cases out of ten you will get a true reply. If, however, it should come in the form of discouragement, and you still feel that you *must* paint, work along faithfully and critically until you note your own progress or see that you have ceased to advance, when it will be time to apply again for an opinion, perhaps in another direction this time, and you will be safe in looking up a teacher or good school of instruction, for if you have worked on in the face of discouragement it is probable that some ability exists. What is within us is pretty sure to come to the surface, if we only allow it means of expression.

If, however, your drawings at once receive favorable comment, then lose no time dawdling over decorative work, so called, or in studying one branch only, but start right in at the beginning and prepare for a long struggle before even a small quota of success is accorded to you.

It is seldom that any one displays such marked originality as to jump quickly into popular favor, and if one does, it is more often in the line of some particular style of work than in that of art in its more serious phases. There are so many things to be learned of drawing, form, and perspective before one can even approach color of any kind that "painting" looks a long way off to the student in the first terms of instruction.

If you are really determined to make a life-work of some branch of art, select which one that shall be, and then start for some art center, as New York, Boston, or any large city which affords good opportunities for study. If money is no object to you, you can go to New York, for instance, and if you have no relatives to chaperon you, and you prefer not to live as a "bachelor girl," you can find some one who for fair remuneration will provide you a home and all the espionage desirable; in fact, there are several houses run by gentlewomen in reduced circumstances, but of large acquaintance and wide social influence, where girls who wish to settle in New York temporarily for study in any line may be accommodated and provided with attendants whenever needed, and no one else is allowed to enjoy the privileges of this little colony. Then, instruction of the best kind may be obtained from private teachers at any price for the services required, according to the standing of the artist who gives it, varying from $20 for as many lessons to a limit far in advance. There are also private classes, the Art League, Students' League, Schools of Design, Cooper Union, and any number of public institutions which are invaluable to an art student.

If money is an object, as it usually is to artists, they being proverbially "poor and struggling" in their student years, you can come into New York, and, taking a room in a refined house in a good neighborhood for from $3 to $4 per week, can add to this for cost of board about $5. This includes all the care of one's room, and meals at a restaurant where everything is good, clean, well served and well cooked, and devoted to the patronage of women only, rendering it especially retired for a young girl or woman living alone and absorbed in her work. Of course cheaper rooms may be obtained, and, perhaps, room and board for less money, but the former method has the advantage of giving a refined place of residence and of not requiring attendance at any one place at meal-time—you are free to take a meal wherever you may be at the time, without feeling that you must pay twice for what you get, or put yourself to the inconvenience of hurrying "home" at a special hour. Two girls rooming together and providing their own breakfasts, with the help of an oil-stove or chafing-dish and teakettle, can considerably reduce expenses by thus combining forces.

In a great city like New York there are many advantages free to any one seeking them. In some instances scholarships may be obtained, and much instruction is given absolutely free. The free classes in the Y. W. C. A. are a boon to many struggling young women, as they include numerous branches in art, and study of various kinds. A visit to the spring exhibition this year would have proved to the most skeptical that these classes are accomplishing a good work, and are the means of developing talents which otherwise might remain uncultivated through lack of funds.

The art galleries are always powerful agents in the education of a student, and, while an admission of twenty-five cents may be charged for some special exhibits, there are continually placed before the public choice collections of pictures for a view of which no fee is asked. Besides these, the picture-dealers have always a good stock on hand to display, and the Museum of Art throws open its doors to the public on all but two days in the week, free of charge. Here, too, on certain days, artists are allowed to set up their easels and copy the treasured canvases which line its walls.

The public auctions of large collections of famous works are important factors in an art education, as they often indicate the changing taste of the people by the varying prices offered, or show its steadfast adherence to some long-time favorite by the enormous sums which are readily bid upon the work of a recognized master. It is no doubt certain that, however good one's local advantages may be, there is no place like a great city, and, on this continent, no place like New York, in which to begin an art education; but don't start unless you are sure you have talent, and are willing to persevere in spite of apparent failure and defeat, reaching the goal through earnest, painstaking effort—for the favors are few that are distributed by the Goddess of Art.

Not Yours, but You

A certain minister traveled seven hundred miles to preach for a church in an Eastern city. They lodged him at a comfortable hotel, but limited their intercourse with him to handing him a batch of notices in the morning and a roll of currency in the evening. This, of course, was an extreme case of an apathy which appears more often in less reprehensible degrees.

But what is it that a genuine minister of Christ is after? Not money, but men, to reach souls with help for right thinking and living. To know that he has reached any is the reward without which no fee or salary can content him. Whether witnessing to small or great, the true successor of the Apostles protests, with Paul, "I seek not yours, but you." If he gets you, he deserves to know it.

"Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things" is a bidding which is not fulfilled by the payments or donations which it suggests, however good these are, and however worthy the

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laborer of his hire. Material values given are no adequate measure for spiritual values received. Nor can they balance accounts with men who are not seeking to make their living so much as to make better living for other men, and who hunger to know that they have done it, as they hunger for their food. To give them such knowledge is to give them the soul-food they crave to support them in their work.

But natural reticence hinders, and so also does inconsiderateness. Yet remembrance of the heart-glow occasionally kindled, when grateful hearers have come forward, or have written, to speak of the clearing of their vision, or quickening of their faith, or girding of their will, makes him who has felt it plead that those who feel the impulse to such responses should oftener yield to it as the prompting of the Spirit whom we must not quench.

Among Christian people overcommunicativeness is not so common a fault as undercommunicativeness. "To do good and to communicate," says Paul, "forget not." Especially remember that the kind of good which the Gospel teacher tries to communicate is the kind that must not be left out in the reciprocal communication of the taught. The word in season from the pulpit should be balanced by another from the pew. Responsiveness is the thing the preacher thirsts for. Pastor or stranger, it ought not to be denied him. He gives thanks to God for the refreshment of it, and gratefully remembers it, as the words of the psalmist come to his mind, "He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall he lift up the head."

J. M. W.

The Widow Malone and Her Pig

By Alice L. Anderson

The widow Malone and her seven children lived in a superannuated passenger-car left standing on the waste edge of the great train-yard of the J., O., and K. Railroad at Chicomantic Falls. The late Terence Malone, a servant of the aforesaid railroad in the capacity of section-hand, had pre-empted the car in the early days of his marriage, and, owing partly to the negligence and partly to the good nature of the yard-master, it had remained in the undisputed possession of the family ever since. There the seven children of the Malone household, "two pair o' twins and three single," as their fond mother described them, had first seen the light of day; they had been lulled to sleep by the roar of trains and the shriek of locomotives, and had played under the noses of the snorting iron horses without ever suffering injury to life or limb.

"We do be in the railroad business *as* a family, mem," the widow Malone often remarked, with pardonable pride, at the houses where she was accustomed to assist in house-cleaning time. "Me husband's feyther was a flagman at the Shawshine crossin'—a very raysponsible position, mem. Me own Terence was in the empl'y o' the railroad for siven year and a half as section-hand—till he was rin over by a ghravel thrain and lost his breath entoirely, he bein' a bit full at the toime. 'Twas his only failin', hiven rist him! Dinny, me oldest, is goin' to make a gra-ate railroad man, I'm ixpectin'. He's thrain-b'y already, and I'm tould he's a gra-ate favor*ite* among drummers and such, he bein' so ceevil and obligin'. 'Twas so I brought him up. Mesilf, I does washin' for the thrain-hands, and they do say there's nobbudy else can suit 'em so well. And as for the leetle childer, they do be doin' what they can. The leetlest pair o' twins, they sits out on the step whin the big passenger thrains goes by, and they do be the sauciest pair o' colleens that iver was, though I be their mither that says it. It's many's the orange or banana that's thrown out to 'em when the through thrains sthop for the signal. Me own fam'ly was mostly in the empl'y o' the city, and I ain't a-sayin' that ain't a very rispectable business, but for mesilf I prefer railroadin'. It's more excitin'."

Whence it will appear that the widow Malone, though deprived of the partner of her joys and sorrows, still considered herself comfortably and even desirably situated.

Rumor of possible trouble came to the Malone family one day in the news, told by Dinny, of the appointment of a new division superintendent, who was reported to have begun, after the manner of new brooms, a thorough overhauling and cleaning out of all the departments under him.

"Jerry O'Toole, he's tellin' everywhere that our old rat-trap—that's the very word he said—'ll have to go. The new superintendent won't have the yard cluttered up with old cars and squallin' brats. It's a disgrace to the road, that's what he said." So Dinny repeated the gossip of the train-yard when he came home from his day's work.

"Whisht there wid yer talkin'," commanded his mother. "Niver ye moind a wurrd o' his talk, the spalpeen. Is it loikely the shuperintindent 'd be afther sphakin' his moind to such as Jerry O'Toole? He's wantin' yer place on the thrain, that's the flea that's bitin' his ear. As for us bein' turned out o' our home, and me Terence a section-hand, and his feyther a flagman, there's no fear o' that. The Road 'll niver sthand by and see it done."

Mrs. Malone always spoke of the road with a capital R.

But, in spite of her apparent confidence, the widow was the prey of some secret misgivings concerning her tenure of occupancy, and when, one morning, as she sang and scrubbed at her tubs just outside the door of the car, with numerous young Malones playing in the dirt about her, she looked up to find herself frowningly observed by a tall personage with an air of authority, she knew that her time had come. She dropped a courtesy, and the tall personage said:

"What's all this?"

The widow favored him with another courtesy and replied:

"If ye plaze, sor, I'm Molly Malone, widdy of him that was Terence Malone, formerly in the empl'y o' the Road, sor, and these, sor, are me childer, me and Terence's, or, as I may say, sor, your childer."

"Indeed! how's that?" inquired the man.

"The childer o' the Road, sor. We all belong to the Road; and as I take it ye're the new division shuperintindent, ripresintin' the Road, I make bould to call 'em your childer, sor."

"Hum! how many children have you?"

"Siven, sor—two pair o' twins and three single. Dinny, me oldest, is thrain-b'y, sor, and I'm ixpectin' nothin' less than that he'll be conducther wan day, he's that smart and ceevil, sor. Niver a day but I says to them childer, 'Childer, niver forgit that ye belong to the Road, and, childer, always ack so as to be an honor to the Road.' Nora, darlint, come out from ahint that thruck and make yer curt'sy to the jintleman. I bring up my childer to have manners, sor. Their feyther had the beautifulest manners ye iver did see."

"Your husband is dead, you say?"

"Yis, sor. He was rin over by a ghravel thrain. He worruked on the section, sor, and his feyther—"

"Drunk, probably," interrupted the superintendent.

"I ain't denyin' he'd taken a dhrop too much, maybe," replied Mrs. Malone, with the air of one making a concession for politeness' sake, "but he was foine on the section, so his boss 'll tell ye—Thomas Eagan, sor, maybe ye know him. An' a kinder husband or a better feyther niver was. Och, me Terry! alack the day that I should lose ye from me hearrt, and siven childer." And Mrs. Malone, as if overcome by the remembrance of the virtues of her late spouse, threw her apron over her head and rocked herself to and fro lamenting. When she recovered herself and peeped forth, the superintendent was gone.

"He stoled away jist loike a thafe in the noight," said Mrs. Malone in describing the interview to Dinny, "an' niver a chanst did I have to tell him that me Terence's feyther was flagman at the Shawshine crossin', an' mesilf did washin' for the thrain-hands. He'll be afther wunnerin' what I mint by sayin' we all belonged to the Road, an' now I'm afeard he'll niver know. Alack the day if we should be turned away!"

But the second day thereafter Mrs. Malone's fears were all set at rest. A farm wagon drew up to the fence which separated the train-yard from the highway, and the driver called out:

"Is this Mrs. Malone's?"

"Yis, sor, I'm hopin' so," replied the widow.

Whereupon the driver picked up a lumpish and very lively bag from the bottom of the wagon, and handed it over the fence, saying:

"Mr. Dunkeld, him that's jest been appointed division superintendent o' this here road, he's sent ye a pig from his farm out in the country, an' I was to say that he'd ruther ye wouldn't name it after him."

Great was the joy in the Malone household. For long it had been Mrs. Malone's secret ambition to own a pig, an ambition which had but been strengthened by the seeming impossibility of its fulfillment. Now the gratification of her heart's desire was doubly felicitous in that it contained an assurance of the superintendent's favor. Their home was to remain their own. The Road had recognized their adoption. Dinny gathered some old boards and built a pen for the pig under the car; small Terry, with his soap-box cart, made a tour of the neighborhood and secured promises of garbage to be had for the carrying away, and the other children took turns in hugging the pig and

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examining his curly tail, his funny snub nose, and his little pink ears, much to his pigship's annoyance. Mrs. Malone laid plans for buying in the fall a pork-barrel, in which the pig, by that time grown to be a hog, should take up his winter quarters, thence to be transferred in small portions to Malone mouths through the long and hungry winter. There was not a member of the Malone household who did not hail the advent of the pig as a piece of good fortune, the very greatest that a bounteous Providence, represented by the Road, had in its power to bestow.

"But I can't think why the shuperintindent was unwillin' for us to name the peeg for him. Shure, I'd be proud to honor so foine a jintleman," said Mrs. Malone.

"Let's name it for the Road," said Dinny.

So the J., O., and K., shortened to Jokkie, the pig became, and a fine pig he was indeed. He grew apace, and developed an appetite which kept small Terry and his soap-box cart forever foraging. Moreover, he was possessed of an intelligence far above the most of his kind. No amount of fencing had power to restrain his roving spirit. Be free he would, yet he was never known to stray beyond the limits of the train-yard; nor, amid all the confusion of incoming and outgoing trains and engines back ing and shifting and running hither and thither, did he ever take the smallest injury. Truly he was a wonderful pig.

"An', shure," said Mrs. Malone, "the peeg takes to railroadin' by nacher. 'Cause why? It belongs to the Road."

Jerry O'Toole, who was sometimes employed on odd jobs around the yard, continued to make vindictive remarks concerning the Malone family, and had even been known to throw stones—which never hit—at Jokkie, but the cause of his ill will was well known, being jealousy of Dinny's superior situation, and his course was universally frowned down by the other men, for all trainmen and station-men, section-hands and job-hands, united in a kindly disposition toward the Malone family, and in a disposition to overlook such a small irregularity as the keeping of a pig in the train-yard.

So the summer passed and the fall came. Jokkie had attained a size and rotundity which were beautiful to see, and the entire Malone household was filled with anticipations of a well-fed winter. Mrs. Malone had bought her pork-barrel and had laid in a supply of salt.

"We'll be afther killin' the peeg to-morrer, Dinny," she said.

But the morrow brought grief to the Malone household. Lying beside his trough, his two paws crossed over his stomach as if in pain, was the pig, motionless—dead.

"Alack the day!" cried Mrs. Malone, rocking herself backward and forward in the self-same manner in which she had mourned for Terence.

"It's that Jerry O'Toole!" cried Dinny, indignantly. And all the young Malones set up a wailing and mourning which were pitiful to hear.

"Howiver 'll I be fillin' these siven mouths all the could and dreary winther?" wailed Mrs. Malone.

At which the youngest pair of twins, who always spoke at once and said the same thing, piped up in repetition of the oft-told story:

"We belong to the Road, mither. The Road'll niver see us starve."

Mrs. Malone caught her darlings to her bosom.

"Blessin's on ye, me childer!" she exclaimed. "That I should be afther forgettin' that, me that's got everythin' to be thankful for! An', shure, 'twas the Road sint us this peeg, an' it can sind us another if it loikes."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Malone's heart was heavy within her as she went about her day's washing. Dinny forgot to whistle as he went to his work, and the little children sat about sadly, as if oppressed by the family trouble. It was a long and lonely day. Small Terry's soap-box cart stood idle, and the children went to bed at night missing sadly Jokkie's dozy grunting in his bed under the car, which had been their bedtime lullaby.

Early next morning Dinny was wakened by a familiar sound. He put his head out the car window, and there, hungrily rooting in Jokkie's trough, was a nice fat pig, larger by a half than the lamented Jokkie.

"Get up, mither! The Road has sent us a pig!" he cried.

Mrs. Malone started up and put out her head.

"The saints be praised!" she said, devoutly. "Dinny, me b'y, make haste wid ye an' loight the fire an' pit the kittle on. We'll pit him in the barrel afore that Jerry O'Toole has a chanst at him."

Immediately there was bustle and excitement in the Malone household. Mrs. Malone and Dinny rushed about preparing for the slaughter, and the little children hung around admiring the pig. Scarcely was the mother able to persuade them to come in to breakfast, and indeed they had hardly begun when the youngest pair of twins, moved by one impulse, slipped out again to look at the pig. On the instant came a cry: "Oh, mither, come quick! The Road has sent us another pig!"

Mrs. Malone rushed out. Sure enough, there, rooting among the weeds under the car, was another pig, larger and fatter than the first; and, behold, while they stood staring, around the corner of the car sauntered the third pig, which, in lieu of breakfast, began familiarly to devour the apron of one of the smallest twins.

Mrs. Malone held up her hands and gazed at the sky.

"Howly mither! do it be rainin' peegs?" she cried.

Just then a man came hurrying by, and as he passed he called:

"Pit 'em in the barrel, widdy, as fasht as ye can. The town 'll be full of 'em soon. There's a hog-thrain wrecked jist down beyant the crossin'."

At the word the whole Malone family sprang to action. The fire burned, the water boiled, and Mrs. Malone, her sleeves rolled up and glory on her brow, slaughtered and scalded and scraped throughout the livelong day.

Weary but blissful, they sought their beds when the work was done. Three empty pork-barrels stood in a row at one end of the car, waiting to be filled on the morrow. Three stark carcasses hung, head downward, on the outside of the car in the later stages of their transition from pig to pork.

"Me childer," said Mrs. Malone, raising her nightcapped head and gazing around at the seven heads variously distributed about the car, "niver forgit, the longest day ye live, that ye're the childer of the Road. Always remimber to ack so as to be an honor to the Road. Bless ye, me childer!"

And the Malone family fell asleep.

Puzzles and Riddles

By A. M. Pratt

I.—RIDDLE

I'm swept by winds and tumbled up;
I'm brushed by man with care;
I'm often seen around a wreck;
At times I hang upon a neck—
Important everywhere.

II.—BEHEADINGS

Example: Trace—race—ace.

1. I'm a monster of the deep.
2. Mute attention I would keep.
3. Once I sailed o'er mountains deep.

1. I'm a number measuring years.
2. I'm the center that adheres.
3. I am sought by engineers.

1. To music's service I belong.
2. Of old I graced the minstrel's song.
3. And I'm an Indian, straight and strong.

1. I'm what travelers like to use.
2. I am often in your shoes.
3. I'm the fish that some would choose.

III.—PUZZLE

Seek me with a keen and careful eye
In March, October, April, and July;
And yet you'll hardly use me when I'm found,
Until the Christmas season comes around.

IV.—PUZZLE

My first belongs to February,
My second to January,
My third to November,
My fourth to September, and
My fifth to October.
My whole may be found in all, and belongs to winter.

V.—CHARADE

My first protects from cold
And tapers toward the sky;
My second is a workman skilled—
None can a better mansion build;
My third's a pasture cry.
My whole adorns the pretty gown
That Mrs. Grundy wears to town.

VI.—ANAGRAM

Effie Gait eats lemons right
Three words of equal length
Describe the pleasant sight
That may be seen throughout our land
Thanksgiving noon and night.

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The Religious World

The Friends' General Conference

The third General Conference of the Society of Friends convened at Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, August 19, and adjourned on the 26th. There were two sessions each day of the week, held in a huge tent, with an average attendance of about three thousand. Papers and discussions were grouped under four heads—First-Day Schools, Education, Religion, Philanthropy; and on Sunday large meetings for worship were gathered in the tents and the College Meeting-House, the churches of the neighborhood suspending their services to attend. About fourteen hundred guests were lodged and cared for as guests of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and hundreds of others stayed in the village, while special trains from Philadelphia and West Chester brought daily many car-loads. Subjects were presented by leaders in various lines of thought or work, in papers requiring twenty or thirty minutes to read, and the discussion usually opened with two prepared talks of five minutes each. Probably the greatest interest centered around the topics of education and religion, the attendance at the Conference devoted to the latter being the largest of all. In the First-Day School Conference one of the most suggestive papers was read by John William Graham, an English Friend. It outlined the methods and purposes of the English adult schools, and proposed plans by which American Friends, and others too, could engage in similar work. These schools are primarily Bible classes for workingmen—that is, mission classes held generally early on Sunday mornings, taught by some man of good education and standing, but self-governed. There are also women's classes taught by women, and mixed classes. In all the schools Christian living is encouraged and religious thought developed, not only by the direct teaching of morals, but also in the less apparent method of co-operation and brotherliness. Savings-banks, libraries, sick funds, and Saturday afternoon rambles furnish opportunities for that best teaching of all—personal influence affecting character. Referring to the uses of these schools here, Mr. Graham said: "You may well stand appalled at the strange un-English material which is unloaded at New York; but here they are, and here they are somehow to be made into citizens of a free republic, and welded into a homogeneous nation. . . . There can be no method of elevating such a man so potent as a personal friendship with an American gentleman." Much interest was also shown in a new development of the Society's organization among its young people, called The Young Friends' Association, and one evening was devoted to a consideration of its work, the feature being a stereopticon-illustrated lecture by William W. Birdsall, of Philadelphia, upon "Some Phases of Early Quakerism," dwelling upon the labors and persecutions of the early Friends in England. During the entire Conference there were numerous expressions of pleasure in the success of these Associations in holding the allegiance and winning the activity of the young, and it was felt by many that they are one of the causes which are regenerating Quakerism.

Topics of Interest

The first paper in the Conference on Education was read by Joseph S. Walton, of Pennsylvania, and it advocated the use of public schools for Friends' children in sparsely settled districts, on the ground that the moral training of children in early years is really given at home. In discussion this view was hardly approved, and the use of the Society's schools in all practicable cases was urged. The discussion on athletics favored more and better exercise for women, and seemed to favor the approval of intercollegiate and interscholastic sports, both President De Garmo, of Swarthmore, and President Sharpless, of Haverford, speaking to the subject on that line. Dr. De Garmo, in a paper on "The Influence of the Higher Education upon the Religious Society of Friends," said: "The higher education is the comparative study of all knowledge important for the conduct of life. . . . Among the early Friends it was largely confined to classical and Biblical learning, which was of great service in expounding and defending their doctrines. As a whole, the public service of the Society consisted in helping to secure for all men liberty of conscience in thought and belief. The principles for which they struggled are now established and need only to be applied." Aaron M. Powell, of New York, presided over the Religious Conference, and opened its exercises with a most eloquent address; in the course of it he said: "The mission of Friends is not yet ended. They believe literally in the filial relation between the individual human soul and the great Over-Soul. Their religion is a religion of service, and makes for righteousness and peace." Dean Elizabeth Powell Bond had a remarkably effective paper upon "Spiritual Religion and its Application to Every-day Duties." She said: "Perfect oneness with the Father is to be found only in that feeling of brotherhood manifested to its fullest extent in the life of Jesus, which knows no mine and thine, which gives of the strength of the strong to supply the weakness of the weak." In the discussion upon silent meetings it was felt that there was too much stress laid upon a desire for preaching in meetings, and Robert M. Janney, of Philadelphia, voiced a long-treasured principle when he said: "Vocal ministry has its place, but is the outgrowth of worship, and is not itself worship." The discussion upon "How May We, with Quakerism, Make Christianity Reach the Masses?" presented many new applications of modern Quakerism, and numbers participated in it, activity in this line of work being encouraged. Tobacco and intemperance were discussed with a feeling that Friends were clearer than ever before of these evils; social purity meetings were held for men and for women and were largely attended; and the Negro, the Indian, the Poor, and Prison Reforms received the recognition Friends have usually accorded them. Peace and arbitration were subjects also dwelt upon, and a vigorous protest made against the spread of militarism in our public schools, and as a means of Christian training in the form of boys' brigades. The Conference adjourned the 26th, to meet in the West in 1898, and the members parted permeated with a feeling that the mission of the Society is still open, although much progress has been made, and with a renewed faith in the power of its main principle—the indwelling Christ—to guide and direct all men.

The Rev. John McMillan Stevenson, D.D.

Dr. Stevenson, for so many years Secretary of the American Tract Society, died at his home at Hawthorne, N. J., on August 22, at the ripe age of eighty-four years. Born in West Alexandria, Pa., and growing up in Ohio, he graduated from Jefferson College sixty years ago. Studying theology for a while at Lane Seminary under Dr. Lyman Beecher, he spent some of the earlier years of his active life in teaching. He served two terms in the pastorate, first at Troy, Ohio, and then, after an interval of service as Agent of the American Tract Society, a longer term at New Albany, Indiana. From this place he was called in 1857 to be a Corresponding Secretary of the Tract Society, with headquarters at New York. Here for thirty-five years he was active in directing the work of that Society. For the last four years he had been Secretary Emeritus. In all, just one-half of his life had been given to this work. Dr. Stevenson was a man of much executive ability; he was a forcible and highly acceptable preacher, a clear and strong writer, and genial and friendly in his intercourse with others. His domestic life was a very happy one. In 1837 he married Miss Cecilia H. Gillespie, of Dayton, Ohio, a woman of a spirit thoroughly congenial with his. They had celebrated their golden wedding before death entered the family. The two sons died within a year after that event. The two daughters, with their mother, survive—the elder the wife of the Rev. Oliver A. Kingsbury, of New Hartford, N. Y., the younger the wife of President Patton, of Princeton University.

English Methodist Conference

The English Wesleyan Methodist Conference, which met this year at Liverpool, among other important issues took action with regard to the question of the itineracy. After considerable examination, the committee to whom the matter was referred reported that they were unable to discover any methods more convenient than those already in operation for extending the ministerial term in exceptional cases beyond three years, without an appeal to Parliament. Afterward the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes offered this resolution: "That, in the judgment of the Conference, the time has come when it is desirable to apply to Parliament for a Private Bill to repeal those portions of Clause XI. of the Deed Poll which prohibit the appointment of ministers for more than three years successively to the use and enjoyment of any chapel and premises." Then in a forceful speech he urged the Conference to express an opinion on the question embodied in the resolution. He argued that the progress of Methodism in the British dominion depended in part on the absolute separation of Church and State—that the Church should be altogether free from the control of the State. Other resolutions in connection with this one requesting reasons why an act of Parliament should be applied for, that the people might vote intelligently upon the question, were offered. After a general and vigorous discussion, Dr. Hughes's resolution was adopted by a vote of 248 to 149. This indicates the trend of English Methodism on the question of ministerial itineracy.

A Missionary Circuit of the Globe

The Rev. A. McLean, Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, has just returned from a year's missionary circuit of the globe. The General Christian Missionary Convention, in session at Richmond, Va., in October, 1894, asked him to make the trip as their representative, feeling that the knowledge gained would be of incalculable value to him as Secretary, and that, through his greater efficiency and personal knowledge of the field, the work in general would take on new vigor and life. Mr. McLean started from the headquarters in Cincinnati in July of last year, where a great farewell reception was tendered him by the Disciple Churches

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of that city and visiting delegations from a score of churches or more from surrounding cities. Large and representative gatherings in St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, and San Francisco greeted and wished him God-speed on his journey. Sailing from the port of San Francisco early in August, his itinerary included the mission fields of Japan, China, India, Turkey, Egypt, Europe, and England. Mr. McLean is a man of long experience and single-hearted interest in the cause of world-wide evangelism, and a deep student, closely observing all that relates to this great work. In a private letter, speaking of his observations while abroad, he says the following seem to his mind the most impressive:

1. The fact that missionaries are found almost everywhere in China, Japan, India, Turkey, and Egypt, bearing witness on behalf of Christ. In some cases it was a group of missionaries, in others a single man or woman heroically holding forth the word of life all alone. 2. The results are as great or even greater than we have any right to expect. While only a beginning has been made, the results are gratifying. Most of the work thus far has been in the nature of preparation—learning the language, translating literature, opening schools, and training teachers and preachers for their work. There is a feeling on all sides that a nation must be evangelized by its own people and not by foreigners. The missionaries feel that the most important work they can do is to train and equip native teachers and preachers to do the work. 3. The widespread use of the English language is not only impressive but is full of promise in evangelism. Wherever he went he found some one who could speak in the English tongue. And he prophesies that within thirty or forty years English will be the language of Japan, India, and a large part of China. The natives are anxious to read our literature. In the civil service, the army, and the navy the official speaking English commands the highest salary. This language carries with it many ideas of manhood and of civil and religious liberty not found in any other language. The knowledge of English paves the way for the acceptance of the Gospel. 4. England's control of so large a part of the Eastern world is a great help to the missionary cause. Wherever England's flag floats you find civil and religious liberty, good roads, a chance for honesty and industry, and the manifestation of public spirit. In the British cities of Singapore and Hongkong there are Chinese merchants worth their millions; one of them has built a hospital for the afflicted of all nations. 5. Non-Christian faiths degrade woman with an infinite degradation; but the Gospel assigns her her rightful place in society wherever it is preached. 6. In Turkey, Mr. McLean says, he found that the missionaries during the recent Armenian troubles stood by the afflicted and rendered every assistance in their power, and for their heroic, self-sacrificing services they deserve all honor and praise.

The Gospel on Wheels

A unique method of evangelism is the portable Church and Rescue Gospel Service, systematically prosecuted both in this country and Russia. The Holy Synod of Russia, finding it impossible to erect churches within reach of the people in sparsely settled countries of the Empire, has constructed five church cars, fitted up with the complex arrangements necessary to the Greek Church service, which, with two priests on each car, are sent out to traverse a particular section in the interest of evangelism. Each of the cars is expected to visit two settlements per day, which, for the five, is an average of seventy settlements and seventy services per week. The people have time-tables, the cars are scheduled, and therefore when the cars arrive the people are on time, so that all possible speed is made in the work. At the suggestion of Dr. Wayland Hoyt, the Baptist Publication Society took up the idea of chapel-car service, and in May of 1891 the chapel car "Evangel" was dedicated, which has traveled some twenty-five thousand miles, visited about two hundred places, and in it some thirteen or fourteen hundred religious services have been held. In the report of 1895 it is stated that the "Evangel" has witnessed 1,210 conversions, the formation of 21 Sunday-schools, the organization of 19 churches, with pastors provided; its workers have visited 787 families, and from it Bibles, tracts, periodicals, pamphlets, etc., have been liberally distributed, with excellent results. Indeed, so successful was the work that within two years the second car, "Emmanuel," was dedicated to the same work. Mr. Charles N. Crittenden, the famous founder of Florence Mission, saw the advantages of chapel cars for the establishment of rescue work in the great centers of population in the West and South. The "Florence Crittenden Rescue Car, Good News" was the first put into operation, and is now associated with some three or four others busy all the time, going from place to place, in the work of rescuing the fallen. The railroads generously furnish free transportation, coal, water, oil, etc., and in this way help the good work very materially. Another plan, somewhat similar, is that of using large tents or portable houses. The best recent example of the portable house, perhaps, is the one built for the Rev. E. W. Dorst (Disciple), city evangelist of Chicago, which was built of corrugated iron so as to be easily taken apart in sections and removed with but little labor from place to place.

Strength of American Churches

Dr. H. K. Carroll, in his recent statistics of the churches, tells us that the Methodists are stronger in Delaware than all the other denominations combined. The Baptists have one-half of all the church members in Virginia, Georgia, and Mississippi. The Methodists lead the 143 denominations with a membership of 4,589,284, and the Baptists come next with 3,712,468. The Baptists have over 300,000 members in Georgia and North Carolina, over 200,000 in Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, and Kentucky, and over 100,000 in Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, and New York. This shows the Baptist strength to be largely in the South. The Methodists have over 200,000 in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Texas, Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania. Dr. Carroll puts the Roman Catholics at 6,257,871, instead of 10,000,000 as was recently claimed. They have over half of all the church members in New York, Massachusetts, Louisiana, California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, and Minnesota. This is due largely to the foreign element. The Catholics have over 1,000,000 members in New York, over 600,000 in Massachusetts, over 500,000 in Pennsylvania, about 500,000 in Illinois, over 300,000 in Ohio, over 200,000 in Louisiana, New Jersey, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Speaking of church growth in the "Forum," Dr. Carroll says: "The most remarkable instance of growth in five years is that of the Disciples of Christ. This denomination, which is particularly strong in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Texas, was so little known to the rest of the country when Mr. Garfield became President, that it was for years thereafter spoken of as the denomination to which President Garfield belonged. It is in spirit, doctrine, and practice not unlike the regular Baptists, from which denomination the Campbells and many others withdrew when the Disciples of Christ came into existence in the early part of the present century. It was organized as a movement to restore the lost unity of believers, and so of the Church of Christ, by a return, in doctrine, ordinance, and life, to the religion definitely outlined in the New Testament. It has no human creed, taking the Bible as its rule of faith and practice. Like the Baptists, the Disciples hold to immersion as the proper mode of baptism, and to the baptism of believers only. It is not easy to arrive definitely at the secret of its growth, although the fact of its growth is clear enough. In 1880 it reported 350,000 members; in fifteen years thereafter it had considerably more than doubled itself. The increase is at the rate of nearly one hundred and sixty-four per cent. Their own idea of the secret of their success is because their plea is for Christian unity, their basis a Scriptural union basis, their zeal in evangelization, and their plain, direct preaching."

Miss Slack's Visit to America

Miss Agnes E. Slack, honorary Secretary of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and honorary Secretary of the British Women's Temperance Association, arrived in America a few weeks since upon the invitation of Miss Frances E. Willard to attend the annual Convention of the W. C. T. U., which will meet at St. Louis in October. Previous to that Convention Miss Slack will speak in a number of large cities, and will address several of the State Prohibition Conventions, including that of New York, which will be held in Brooklyn in October. She spoke at the Chautauqua Assembly on "Temperance Day," amid the hearty applause of all who heard her. Besides being an enthusiastic temperance advocate, Miss Slack is a strong member of the Women's Liberal Federation Executive Committee, and of the Executive Committee of the Central Suffrage Society. She is very popular in England as a speaker on temperance and political platforms, and frequently she occupies some of the prominent pulpits in Britain. It is Miss Slack's opinion that the United States is much nearer the prohibition of the liquor traffic than the United Kingdom; but she believes that very much needs to be done here before temperance will universally prevail. She is a strong advocate of woman suffrage; but perhaps some of her best work has been done in causing many reforms in the workhouses and jails of the United Kingdom. No doubt she will receive a hearty welcome to many pulpits and platforms in America.

A Worthy Cause

Mrs. Louise S. Houghton and Mr. Jacob A. Riis have just made an appeal through the public press of New York in behalf of the tenement-house work carried on by the Tenement-House Chapter of the King's Daughters and Sons of that city. The Chapter was originally organized to help the physicians of the Board of Health in their summer work, by supplying delicacies, flowers, and fresh-air privileges. Its rooms are at 77 Madison Street, near Chatham Square, and in the six years of its existence it has done a good work. At the headquarters it maintains several clubs, two sewing-schools, a kindergarten, and a library of 2,000 volumes; and in the summer it does fresh-air work. A visitor is employed all the year, who co-operates with the Charity Organization Society, investigating charity cases and distributing delicacies, medicines, and aid in general. The cost of the work is about $5,000 a year, of which one-fourth is pledged annually and the remainder is raised by voluntary offerings. Just at this season of the year many poor people in the tenements suffer intensely, and it is for this class of unfortunates that the appeal is made. Certainly the names of Mr. Riis and Mrs. Houghton are a sufficient guarantee that the object is worthy. Miss Clara Field is the Treasurer, and her address is 7 Madison Street.

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Books and Authors

History of Christian Doctrine [1]

This work is, by its special design, strictly limited to the size of a compend. On a theme of such weight and extent, a compend can give to individual topics only a severely restricted discussion. Yet to the student or to any thoughtful reader this volume brings more of the essentials of its subject than are found in many extended treatises of high repute. Its perusal may even occasion a regret that more of the mighty treatises had not been compends, and will surely occasion the wish that the "larger amount of critical comment" which the author mentions as excluded from this volume may be given to the public in another—the wish being, not for a more adequate treatment, but for more of a treatment so adequate.

One of the most important and perilous fields of scholarship is entered by such a history. It demands not only broad historic knowledge, supplemented by laborious research in a multitude of special lines, but also a mind at home in keenly analytic and discriminative thought, and with a habit of precise weighing of terms. It demands further, or rather before all else, that delicate sense of honor, rooted in "the charity of Jesus Christ," to which any misreport of the brethren or of any man through bias or through negligence would be as a slander or a lie. All these demands would be made concerning a mere record of "dogma"—record of the authorized tenets of the Church or of its chief divisions, such as is Dr. Adolf Harnack's admirable History. With emphasis, then, must these demands apply to a history of doctrine which, like the book now in view, records theological thought, not only as it has gained a place in the legislation of corporate churches, but also as, taking voice in the experience or the speculation of individual thinkers, it has waked an echo audible and prolonged in the general Church. It is to be said of this book—though, in view of the author's previous works, it scarcely needs be said—that, as far as concerns every one of the demands above noted, it meets the severest standard: there is fullness of knowledge, thorough research, keenly analytic thought, exact and felicitous use of philosophic terms, an unvarying equilibrium of the scales used in judgment; and—rarest enrichment for a positive, profound, and learned critic—there is an interpretative and revealing sympathy which finds its way to the vital point in a doctrinal system, and thence discerns its origin, meaning, bearings, and effects.

This gracious sympathy, leading the way for a strikingly vigorous and unflinching criticism, is a very notable characteristic of this work. It is a decisive element in two features whose full development, as in this case, gives great moral authority to theological criticism—the two features, fairness, and what may be called humanness; fairness in stating all sorts and conditions of doctrines, and humanness in tracing their inmost meaning and force. The fairness, the absolute discharge of prejudice or bias, has become in modern days the usual aim of theological historians, denying themselves the furtive delight of him who thinks to advance the kingdom of truth by gently twisting a term, or innocently turning a phrase, or deftly shifting an emphasis. But in Professor Fisher's work there appears no conscious aim at fairness; the candor of statement is so entire and unfailing that aim and effort seem never to have been needed; an unprejudiced thought simply took wing in words. The fairness, however, does not with him pass into a vice, as with some other writers of highest culture and careful thought, who have gradually assumed toward the universe and all persons and facts that are therein an attitude daintily dispassionate, so judicially cool, so utterly above all prejudice or bias, that it is above, also, all assured convictions. In this book fairness is not thus conceded as from a superior, and never is it sublimated into theological indifference.

Allied to this feature is another of the noteworthy characteristics of the work—the humanness of the aspect in which it shows us the doctrines of all the Christian centuries, evidently because it was in such human aspect that the author himself saw them. This also is due to the sympathy above referred to. Beliefs, both in his record and in his criticism of them, appear as thoughts indeed, fully amenable to logic, but not as products of a mere thinking machine. They are thoughts generated in some more or less worthy experience of man's spiritual being, flowering in emotions, and sentiments fruiting in actions, and bearing the seeds of further spiritual experience: the critic of them, therefore, is to send not his analytic intellect alone into the old centuries as an inquisitor to examine and bring report; he is to go himself, and in his total spiritual personality. Moreover, doctrines, being thus seen as vital products, will naturally be interpreted under the laws of human personal life. Hence, to this critic, consolidated systems of belief, or laborious schemes of the universe, or far-flying theories, are not divine miracles, or freakish mental formations, or intellectual accidents. They are touched by him firmly, every one at its vital point, with words few and precise; and are discriminated from their connected or resembling systems and theories. Many of the most important are traced back to their hidden germs or their remote origin. We recall no other eminent historical critic of doctrine who is found so constantly as is Professor Fisher seeking the sources of theologies in some spiritual experiences, or, failing these, in some uses which were desired in practical Christian work.

The reader cannot fail to be impressed with the marvelous weight of the material packed within this comparatively small volume. Condensation is complete. The long sentences are very few. Shadings of thought and angles of perspective that the attentive reader can readily supply are left to him; the style—similarly left to be cared for by the thought—has the fine effect of lucidity and directness quite without efflorescence; the movement, though never hurried, is unpausing, with steady refusal of all dallying to be eloquent, or picturesque, or impressively wise. These items of the style and treatment are here brought to view lest foregoing remarks on the weighty intellectual and ethical features of the treatment might give an impression of laborious and long-drawn discussion. Let it then be understood that the characteristics before pointed out are not mechanically developed; they are of the atmosphere in which the whole criticism moves with an unconscious ease.

In a body of historical criticism so animate with human sympathy, an element of compromise or else of indecisiveness would naturally be expected in a day like this, when theological compromise is a fashion, and indecisive thinking has been reduced to a science and labeled Christian charity. In doctrine, boundaries are now often blurred, or declared to be imaginary lines. In philosophy, the tendency has been toward a knowing that all that man can know is the fact that he knows and can with certainty know nothing. But here is a treatise whose whole spiritual movement is in a sphere of charity, and whose whole intellectual movement is with fullest liberty, and yet in whose method intellectual compromise and indefiniteness are unknown. The abundant moral charity never lessens the severe exactness of statement, nor blurs the distinction between opinions that actually differ. The great themes of Threefoldness in the Unity of God's Being, of Original Sin in Man, of the Atonement in Christ, supply specimens of an intellectual method in criticism thus rigid, precise, and penetrating.

On many a point whose historic dispute is here recorded, the author leaves his own tenet to the reader's inference; he is not advocate, nor is he debater. The liberal breadth of his Christian fellowship is well known. But on the fundamental historical Christianity, and in the apostolic confession of Jesus as the Christ, the Son of the living God, man's Redeemer and Lord, he holds firm stand throughout. The first words of his Introduction are these: "Christianity is the revelation of God through Jesus Christ whereby reconciliation and a new spiritual life in fellowship with Himself are brought to mankind. The religion of Christ is inseparable from the life and character of its Founder, and from his personal relations to the race, and to the community of his followers. He appears in the character of a second head of the race, the author of a new spiritual creation." On page 4 we read: "In the New Testament it is constantly assumed, where it is not expressly affirmed, that mankind in character are alienated from God, and that Christ is the Deliverer through whom reconciliation is made and a filial relation re-established. The substance of Christianity is expressed in the word 'Redemption,' with its postulates and results." It is the author's habit to cite warrant from the Scriptures for a positive assertion of principle. His theory of their inspiration is not suggested; they are simply treated as *authority*. Dealing with the relation of theology to science, he refuses, and in few words refutes, the Christian agnosticism which, while conceding the great facts of the spiritual universe, deems them beyond reach of our thought, and thus outside the domain of true "science." Kant, who as a theoretical philosopher "organized skepticism," and led in his train Sir William Hamilton and Mansel with their watchword, "Faith without Science," has no leadership for this author. He finds no place for the theory that captivated Horace Bushnell—"that theology can never be a science, on account of the infirmities of language;" and he shows that such a principle would render void, also, ethics and political science.

Setting aside the theory that "faith" is merely a preparatory stage to knowledge, also the Hegelian view of "faith" as an unscientific grasp of truth which philosophy has power to evolve in its pure form, he declares that "the faith of the Christian

[1] *History of Christian Doctrine*. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. Vol. IV. in the International Theological Library, edited by Charles A. Briggs, D.D., and Stewart D. F. Salmond, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

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disciple is not the product of science, but science is the intellectual apprehension of its contents." Defining the relation of theology to philosophy, Professor Fisher takes high and commanding ground. "Christianity is an historical religion. At the foundation of Christian theology are facts which occur within the sphere of freedom, and therefore do not admit of being explained upon any theory of necessary evolution. As students of the Gospel, we are in a province where the agency of personal beings is the principal matter. It was the love of God to mankind that led to the mission of Christ. It was a free act of love, the bestowal of an 'unspeakable gift.' The method of salvation is a course of self-sacrifice which culminates in the cross. These things cannot be made links in a metaphysical chain."

The foregoing quotations from the Introduction show, not only this author's definiteness of position, but also the combination of force and directness in the mental and moral movement of the treatise. In passing, we wish to say that this Introduction, of only twenty-one pages, is of very great value as a key for any student of Christian doctrinal history. For indicating in such brief space the lines of approach, the divisions to be observed, the relations of the several parts, and the chief writers to be consulted, we know not its equal.

Lack of space, restricting our quotations, restricts mention also of numerous points whose treatment is peculiarly apt and instructive. Very interesting is the tracing of the influence of Greek philosophy on early Christian thought, with a discreet judgment of the Apostolic Fathers (pp. 30 et seq.). Instructive is the analysis of Gnosticism, with a convenient conspectus of its various sects (pp. 48–60). Theological characteristics of the early periods of the Greek Church are given in clear outline (pp. 148–175). Augustine and his system (pp. 176–193), and the varieties of Pelagianism (pp. 194–198), are set in singularly strong contrast. Other notable features are: the definition of Scholasticism (pp. 212–215); the great Franciscan revival (p. 230); the diverse philosophies of Aquinas and Duns Scotus, leading to their diverse theologies—a most luminous exposition (pp. 232–250); the instructive analysis of Luther's doctrines (pp. 269–284); High Church Presbyterianism, as urged by Cartwright, tending by its counter-action to develop High-Church Episcopacy in England (pp. 315, 316); Socinianism as arising partly from the Italian Renaissance (p. 320). Among the many admirable studies of individuals are those of Laud, John Wesley, Jonathan Edwards, Channing, Schleiermacher. Inasmuch as it is a fashion of late to speak slightingly of Jonathan Edwards as holding hard and brutal doctrine, we rejoice in the clear analysis of his five sermons on Justification—presenting his grand and tender view of the Atonement (pp. 409, 410). The later Roman Catholic theology (pp. 536–544), and recent theological tendencies (pp. 545–557), are treated with richness of facts and suggestions; in the latter the view taken of Calvinism seems to amount to an expression (which, however, the author does *not* use) that Calvinism is the most superb system of rationalism that the world has ever seen; he points out that it is now yielding precedence to a more true and adequate exegesis of Holy Scripture.

A thorough index makes it possible to use the whole compend as a sort of cyclopædia of its subject. There are, however, in the treatise a few noteworthy omissions of topics, probably for reasons essential in the author's plan.

In a book so crowded with definite utterances on a multitude of historic controversies, any reader may readily notice specific points for his questioning. But, as a whole, in its spirit and its method, and for its effect of practical stimulus and guidance, this historical criticism of Christian doctrine is a compend whose value is signal—even unique. It is of the class of works that mark epochs in their several departments.

The Franco-Prussian War was an anachronism and an international blunder, for which the European nations are sure to suffer some day not far distant in the future. Count Benedetti, who was at the time of the misunderstanding the French Ambassador to the Court of Berlin, has been maligned by some of the French as a blunderer. In his *Studies in Diplomacy*, papers which have been translated and published by the Macmillans, the Count relieves himself of the onus of blame and contempt. He shows what history will hereafter record—that the quarrel between the Germans and French was devised by Prince Bismarck for the purpose of territorial aggrandizement. Into the trap set by Bismarck fell Grammont and the other large officials of Napoleon III.'s empire, because they desired any catastrophe that would cover their own embezzlements and other malfeasance. Napoleon did not want the war; he did not trust the reports of the condition of the French army that had been given him. Mr. Charles E. Ryan, an Irishman, volunteered to serve during this war under the Geneva Cross. In his book, *With an Ambulance during the Franco-German War* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), Mr. Ryan tells of the confusion that reigned in Paris and abroad in France at the outset of the campaign. Nothing was ready; there was no system. The French army was badly clad and fed, the French contractors, men in high station, having thus contributed to the defeat of their own troops. Even the rifles were poor stuff, and the French soldier was slain by his own countrymen in greater numbers than by the German bullets. Mr. Ryan's book leads one to the conclusion that war is rapidly becoming an impossibility between civilized nations. The modern implements and methods of warfare make the carnage of an open battle too awful to be entered into by human beings. The demoralization and disorganization of the French in this juncture was shameful, and the fault was that of corrupt officials. The means through which Louis Napoleon had reached his throne explains how this corrupt bureaucracy had gained control of France. The infidelity already rife among the chief personages of the Empire was not so much dogmatic as moral. This resulted in a general moral lassitude and paralysis of courage. Upon a gross materialistic or Epicurean theory of life no structure of national power and glory can be erected. The war terminated abruptly. The French thought that the war party in Germany was dissatisfied that they had stopped short of utterly erasing France from the map of Europe. This was the Nemesis that followed after the deeds of the French under the first Napoleon. A period of reconstruction followed the war—reconstruction in both Germany and France. The French had the difficult task of reorganizing their army and of strengthening their frontier. At these operations Germany looked with disquiet, and not a few warnings and threats were diplomatically exchanged. During this sensitive period the Viscount Elie de Gontaut-Biron was the French Minister to Berlin, from 1871 to 1877. It was a delicate and trying position for a diplomat, but his self-control and patience enabled him to keep peace and to make honorable arrangements for his government. The Duke de Broglie has collected out of De Gontaut-Biron's diaries and memoranda the story of his negotiations and maneuverings, and has constructed a running account of the mission. This narrative has been translated, with notes, by Albert D. Vandam, and is published by the Macmillans under the title *An Ambassador of the Vanquished*. The difficulties of the Ambassador's position were multiplied by the peevish and unreasonable character of the German Minister at Paris, the Count von Arnim, and by the course of M. Thiers, which was full of surprises to the monarchical party, to which Gontaut-Biron himself belonged. Bismarck was unwilling that the monarchists should triumph, and to that end sent instructions to Von Arnim. This has actually been proven in a curious way. Some years ago Bismarck had a lawsuit against Von Arnim, and the latter, possibly in spite, inserted among the papers that were to appear in the trial Prince Bismarck's private dispatch to him when at Paris, ordering him to assist Thiers and the republicans, for the reason that the establishment of the monarchy would strengthen France and afford her allies that held aloof from a republic. In his game of politics M. de Gontaut's trump card was Russia. It appears that he played this card with skill and with persistence. Notwithstanding Prince Bismarck's enmity, and his effort to renew the war, Gontaut outplayed him each time. In reading this book the position and prejudices of the Duke de Broglie must be remembered. He is a monarchist and an ultramontane at all times and irreconcilably. It was thought that Gontaut, because of his aristocracy, would be a *persona grata* to the Emperor. That was the case so far as the Imperial family was concerned, but his imperturbability was maddening to the great Chancellor. These three books give such pictures of the Franco-German imbroglio as we have not hitherto had. Previous accounts of any importance have been chiefly German. Put the two together and divide in halves, then we may approximate the truth.

It would be impossible in the brief space at our command to give an adequate account of the intimate and detailed description of the life, customs, and religious notions of the Burmese in Shway Yoe's volume, *The Burman, His Life and Notions*, a second edition of which has just been issued by the Macmillan Company, of this city. The private, political, and religious systems of the Burmese are described with a dispassionate accuracy. Folk-songs and folk-tales are freely quoted. In his extensive account of Buddhism the author points out the cause of the mistake of our Western scholars who supposed that Nirvana meant annihilation. It means cessation of existence, but not extinction of being. The substance falls back into the ocean of infinite substance and loses its individuality, but does not cease to be. Any one who has read Spinoza can understand how this idea may be expressed in terms of Western thought. The oft-quoted epigram, "The principal productions of Burmah are pagodas, pohn-gyees [professed Buddhists], and pariah dogs," is effectually disposed of by this writer. Nevertheless, no land so abounds in pagodas as Burmah, and some of them are wonderful architectural structures. How vastly increased would have been the value of this book had there been illustrations to the text! Sometimes a small pagoda is erected over the remains of a highly respected relative, or a person of public celebrity. The student of Buddhism and of comparative religion will find this work of the utmost value to him. It is minute and exhaustive. No other book on Burmah contains so much in so small a space.

The sixth of the *Periods of European History*, 1715–1789, by Arthur Hassall, relates the rise of the condition of international European politics known as the "balance of power." It was the period of benevolent despots, and of the rearrangement of social relations. In particular, France and the northern German people progressed during this period; they underwent a political regeneration of which the end is not yet. Germany is behind France in political development, but Germany is not stagnant. Perhaps her evolution will be the more perfect and normal by reason of the lateness of her maturity. The eighteenth century is too near for us to estimate

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justly; to us it seems a series of inexcusable blunders; to the twenty-first century it may be seen to have been a little more wise. The balance of power is not a stable equilibrium of international politics.

> It is playing bowls upon a splitting wreck,
> It's walking on a string across a gulf,
> With millstones fore and aft about your neck.

The later social conditions, and the theories and men who finally brought this state of things about, are intelligently discussed by Mr. Hassall, who with discretion omits what has had least force in the molding of the modern nineteenth-century world. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Every one likes the genial talk of an old man who has lived for years in the midst of notable men and noted events. Therefore, the good old "Country Parson's" recent volume will be good-naturedly pastured upon by any rightly disposed intellect. Dr. Boyd continues, in his *Last Years of St. Andrews*, to relate characteristic anecdotes of the people that he has known, and his stories are almost always worth the telling. For instance, that of the Edinburgh professor who seriously declared that what he wished through all eternity was to lecture to students every morning, after that go home and eat his dinner, and read the newspaper the evenings! Another tale is of Sir Walter Scott, who suggested that it was worth while going to a Scotch kirk for the pure pleasure of getting out again; and of Wilberforce, who told his boys that they ought not to abandon themselves too much to the enjoyment of the fine weather, because it was "in a certain sense accursed." There is much in this book about the late Bishop Thorold, who was a close friend of Dr. Boyd's, and much about the sensations and reflections of one who is growing old. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The Rev. Chauncy Giles long stood as a foremost representative of the "New Church" or Swedenborgian denomination. Mr. Giles's sermons show some virtues and two defects—the lack of early culture, for which no after reading ever compensates, and the mannerisms of Swedenborg, which almost any Swedenborgian preacher seems to feel form an outward and visible sign of Swedenborgian orthodoxy. The Swedenborgians live for another life; they look forward to the ghost-world with as much impatience as did the mediæval monks. The value of this life and the present tense of eternal life do not impress them. Again, the Sabellianism of the sect is emphatic. Mr. Giles warns his hearers against Trinitarian ideas of God. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Giles's sermons were widely scattered during his lifetime, for, through the generosity of some one, they were distributed gratuitously, for purposes of propagandism. They are sermons that may interest and edify a class of minds. The title of the memorial volume is *Progress in Spiritual Knowledge*, and the book is published by the American New-Church Tract and Publication Society, Philadelphia.

The "Keynote" novels are still in the tone of the initial volume. *Nets for the Wind*, by Una Taylor, and *In Homespun*, by Edith Nesbit, are diverse in style but equally emancipated from conventional notions of cleanliness of idea. The former is a series of symbolical sketches, perfervid in their rhetoric, always *risqué*, and given to a distinct species of profanity. But it is the symbolism that vexes the reader. He is always asking himself the answer to the conundrum; that is substantially what each story amounts to. The other volume is not painfully original, nor so anxious to shock the reader. It deals with the farming and servant people of Kent, England. The dialect is intelligible without a glossary. The feeling in these little tales of Edith Nesbit's, which mostly have the Parisian *motif*, is not sickly. Both books are up to the standard in a literary measure—that is, touching style. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

Mr. R. P. Halleck, of Louisville, has written a text-book for schools on *Psychology and Psychic Culture* that has some commendable traits. It is distinctly physiological, and the author begins with a description of the nervous system. He goes on from this starting-point to describe sensation, which, after the Germans, he calls "presentation," which is technically accurate; then he gives good counsel on the cultivation of perception, memory, the emotions, and the will. If there is any fault to be found with the work, it is that it is somewhat verbose for a text-book, especially in the latter chapters. At any rate, it has the merit of bringing what psychology the world has accumulated down to the comprehension of the average school child's understanding. (American Book Company, New York.)

Since Mr. Swinburne was not appointed Poet Laureate, he has taken up the Arthurian legend, and written a poem called *The Tale of Balen*. The manner and mode of the poem are far away from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." In this poem, which is really beautiful and Hellenic in its moderation, the author has shaken off his more striking mannerisms. There is not in it such a perfect verse as usually comes from this greatest master of melody in the English tongue, but the verse is strong. Alliteration happens less often, and there is no ferocity of passion, no blood and foam and straining hard and fierce bites—none of the usual ear-marks. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Dr. F. L. Humphrey's lectures on *The Evolution of Church Music* are set forth in attractive style both materially and mentally; the binding is beautiful, and the literary style bright. The work is not scientific, but it is interesting. We do not mean to say that the author is an ignoramus, but he is not technical in his arrangement or in his terminology. He makes a readable book, though he piques the reader at times by his dogmatism; his idea is that music is the expression of emotion, as words are of thought. According to this canon the Rev. Mr. Humphreys develops his theory of the development of ecclesiastical music. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending August 21. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

The middle of August marks low tide in the book publication of the year. The list of books received for this week is, therefore, the smallest printed this year. It includes only several volumes in Longman's English Classics Series and one volume of travel and adventure.

The English Classics Series is, as our readers may remember, designed for use in secondary schools in accordance with the system of study outlined by the Committee of Ten. The volumes just issued include some of the books prescribed for 1898 examinations in many English and American colleges. Southey's *Life of Nelson*, Macaulay's *Life of Johnson*, Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*, and Milton's *Paradise Lost* (Books I. and II.) are presented in neat volumes and in clear type. Each is edited, with notes and introduction, by some instructor in one of our noted educational institutions. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

Mr. Walter D. Wilcox gives us in *Camping in the Canadian Rockies* a picturesque account of out-of-door life in the wilder part of the Canadian ranges of the Rocky Mountains. To this he joins a condensed history of the early explorations. The book is very handsomely printed, and contains twenty-five full-page photogravures. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Literary Notes

—It is said that Sir Edwin Arnold has contributed nearly ten thousand leading articles to the London "Daily Telegraph."

—Longmans, Green & Co. have in press a life of Nansen, the Arctic explorer, written by two of his countrymen, Brögger and Rolfsen, and enriched with a poem by Björnson, and with illustrations from photographs and original drawings.

—Our attention has been called to the fact that in Mr. Howard's article on Mrs. Stowe in our July Magazine Number the late Mrs. Mary B. Claflin was spoken of as "the widow of ex-Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts." Ex-Governor Claflin is still living.

—Miss Katharine Pearson Woods has at last completed "John: A Tale of King Messiah," which is to be published in the fall by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. The book is the first of a trilogy which will form a study of the social message of Christianity to the first century.

—Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe & Co., of Boston, announce a new book on the collecting of book-plates, by Charles Dexter Allen, author of "American Book-Plates," and Vice-President of the Ex Libris Society of London. The title of the new book is "Ex Libris: Essay of a Collector."

—Björnstjerne Björnson is about to leave Norway, to take up his permanent residence in Germany. In a recent issue of the "Verdens Gang" he states that the continued attacks upon him at home are the cause of this decision, and that he believes that he will find a more congenial field for his literary labors in Germany, where he will have fewer temptations to take part in politics.

—Tolstoï recently told a French interviewer that "Alphonse Daudet has a certain talent; Paul Bourget is a brilliant essayist, but a poor novelist, his head being too crammed with facts; Marcel Prévost is worth more than his books, which are 'inqualifiables.' Guy de Maupassant knew how to see and tell what he had seen. His style was as pure as a precious metal. He was miles ahead of Flaubert, Zola, and everybody. Zola is a diligent and plodding writer. I liked his 'Germinal,' and 'La Terre' is a novel of peasant humanity. As for 'Lourdes,' I stopped at the hundredth page, and 'Rome' I never opened."

—The London correspondent of the "Episcopal Recorder," of Philadelphia, writes of the circumstances attending the publication of a new edition of the Bible by a Glasgow house, in illustration of the care taken in printing the Scriptures. It may not be generally known, he says, that in Scotland anybody may print the Scriptures, but before publishing any edition a copy of it must be read by a government official and duly licensed. The edition issued by the Glasgow firm was so small that two or three copies will go into the waistcoat pocket, and the reading of it no ordinary eyesight can manage without the aid of a magnifying-glass. But this microscopic Bible had to be perused from beginning to end before the law allowed it to be licensed for publication.

Books Received

For the week ending August 21, 1896

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Hale, Edward Everett, Jr., Ph.D. (Editor). Milton's Paradise Lost. Books I. and II.

Jordan, Mary A., A.M. (Editor). Oliver Goldsmith's The Vicar of Wakefield. 75 cts.

Lowell, D. O. S., A.M., M.D. (Editor). The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers from "The Spectator."

Buehler, Huber Gray, A.M. (Editor). Macaulay's Life of Samuel Johnson.

Miller, Edwin L., A.M. (Editor). Robert Southey's Life of Nelson.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Wilcox, Walter Dwight. Camping in the Canadian Rockies. $

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For the Little People

Afternoon Tea

By Mary F. Butts

Put on your bonnet and take your doll
  And come out to the maple-tree—
I have thimble biscuits, and raspberry shrub,
  And cookies for afternoon tea.
Five guests are invited. I think they make
  A charming company.

I have asked Red Squirrel, who chatters and scolds
  In the branch of the maple-tree;
I have asked Sir Robin and his sweet wife,
  And his neighbor Chickadee,
And Mr. Crow, in his black dress-suit,
  To come to my afternoon tea.

The tea will be served in acorn cups,
  Pretty as they can be—
A present they were from a dear good friend,
  The generous old oak-tree;
And there are lovely saucers to match
  My cups of afternoon tea.

A Family of Twelve

By E. Chamberlain

The hired man found them while he was mowing the alfalfa-field.

There was a sudden "whir-r-r" that made him jump, as poor, frightened mother quail flew off her nest; and there among the long green stems lay twelve pretty speckled eggs.

Just then the dinner-horn blew, so he put the twelve eggs into his covered tin pail and started briskly towards the mill-house, for he was warm and hungry.

As he crossed the treeless fields the sun beat hotly on his old straw hat, and the pail grew almost too warm to hold. But it was lucky that he did not drop it, for inside wonderful things were happening, as the hired man discovered when he reached the veranda and uncovered his pail.

Where twelve pretty brown eggs had lain were twelve baby quails running about among their own egg-shells, as lively as crickets and not very much bigger.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the two little girls, their eyes shining with delight, "let's show them to grandma, quick!" Four little eager hands received the pail, with its scrambling load, and hurried them into the house.

"Poor little tots!" said gentle grandma; "what will become of them?"

"Oh, let's keep them, grandma, *do!*" pleaded two wistful voices. "We can take care of them."

"But they need a feathered mother, dearies," grandma answered. "Tell the hired man to catch the old hen whose chicks were killed by a weasel last night, and perhaps she will adopt them."

So the hen was brought and popped into a coop, clucking and struggling and running to and fro on her long, awkward legs. She was absurdly big and very clumsy, and for some minutes appeared to have not the slightest intention of adopting the twelve little waifs huddled cheeping in a corner.

But even a silly old hen will sometimes make the best of things, so it happened that after a little while she settled down, and the poor, cold baby quails crawled under her comfortable wings.

"Now they've got a mother," said the little girls.

An hour later grandma heard a wail from the direction of the chicken-coop, and hurried to see what was the matter.

"She's eating them! Oh! she's eating them!" howled the children. And, sure enough, there in the middle of the coop stood a choking old hen, with two pitiful little quail feet protruding from her ugly yellow bill. Grandma rushed valiantly to the rescue, and the ten survivors were carried into the house in an apron.

For two days they lived in an old basket, wrapped in flannel rags, and then one morning Chung, the Chinese cook, appeared with a strange burden.

"Littee quail lakkee mamma. My cousin catchee. *Heap* nicee quail!" he beamed, handing grandma the queer bundle of feathers and string, which proved to be a tightly bound hen quail.

"*Heap* nicee mamma!" he repeated when the cords were loosed and the quail nestled down, spreading her wings for the babies to creep under. And the ten little orphans pressing in among the soft feathers thought so, too.

"Horrid old hen!" said the two little girls. "They've got a *real* mother now."

Tom and the Duchess

Up in Central Park, New York, there is an elephant named Tom. Although elephants come from hot countries, this elephant has been so long in this country that during the warm weather which the people of New York had a short time ago poor Tom seemed to suffer cruelly. The elephants' keeper up at Central Park is just as fond of these big, clumsy animals as though they were children, and it troubled him a good deal to find some method by which he could make them more comfortable. This keeper claims that the two elephants, Tom and Duchess, do everything but talk, and that they can make him understand them as well as though they did talk. You may be sure that the keeper realized that something must be done to make these two friends more comfortable; so he let them out into the yard, took out the hose, and played water upon them. When he thought they had been cooled off enough he started to turn the water off, laying the hose down in the yard. Evidently Tom said to himself, "Now is my chance," for suddenly he got on his feet and seized the hose with his trunk and played water on his own head. When he had enjoyed it as long as he wished he turned the hose upon the Duchess until she signified that she was cool enough; and now Tom is allowed to take his own bath, and to perform a like service for the Duchess.

An Indian Cradle Song

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft,
  Deep in the dusky wood;
Swing thee low and swing aloft—
  Sleep, as a pappoose should;
For, safe in your little birchen nest,
Quiet will come, and peace and rest,
  If the little pappoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold,
  And the owlet hoots in the tree;
And the big moon shines on the little child
  As it slumbers peacefully;
So swing thee high in thy little nest,
And swing thee low, and take the rest
  That the night wind brings to thee.

The father lies on the fragrant ground,
  Dreaming of hunt and fight,
And the pine leaves rustle with mournful sound
  All through the solemn night;
But the little pappoose in his birchen nest
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
  Till the sun brings the morning light.

—*Exchange.*

The Leveling-Up Process

By Grace Thompson

He is a dear little friend of mine. Now that he is nine years old I feel quite aged when I remember that I knew him as a baby, for he feels very old at nine years. I wouldn't be surprised if he felt older at nine years than he would at twenty-nine. That's hard for you to understand, but not hard for your father or mother to understand. He feels so strong and well that he can ride his bicycle miles and miles, keeping right close to his father; he can drive a horse, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if he had learned to row a boat this summer, for he is spending it close to a lake. I suppose the reason that he is such a friendly boy is because he lives in such a friendly world. All the people about him seem to feel that it is part of their business to make this little boy happy. And then he is so chummy! You know what that means. He is huggable and dear, and the other day he sent me this letter:

Dear ——: This is my birthday, and I am nine years old. I always get so many nice things that mamma thinks I ought to give some away to keep things even. I therefore contribute five dollars to furnish the club you wrote about. I send my love, and hope the children will enjoy the country.

Your loving ——.

The money sent was used to make some children very happy in a country home where they can go with their fathers and mothers and stay two weeks. I wish everybody would feel that it was his business to help even things up. This world would be a much jollier place if all the little boys and girls lived with that idea in mind. I am sure that one boy has had a better summer because he tried to even things up on his ninth birthday.

The Dog Adrift

A German oil-tank steamer was wrecked a short time ago. The crew for several days drifted about, flying flags of distress before them. When they were seen by a passing steamer, all the crew were taken from the boat except the big Newfoundland dog, who seemed as much a part of the crew as the men, but the small boat could not take the dog. When the crew were rescued, it was thought that the bark would sink at any moment and the dog go down with it. The last that was seen of him he stood on the bow of the boat, the highest point out of the water, with his fore paws on the rail and howling dismally. The poor sailors felt very unhappy about leaving him, but there was no choice. The signals of distress were still flying, and the waterlogged vessel was in the path of vessels bound for New York. The sailors were taken aboard of the steamer that rescued them, still looking toward their old friend on the sinking boat. Before night another steamer came in sight, and the dog barked and barked with all his might. The captain of the steamer saw the signals of distress and turned down toward the bark. This time the captain went round and round the sinking ship, blowing his whistles for some sign of life, but the only thing in sight was the big black dog, who kept prancing up and down and barking with all his might. The captain decided to rescue the dog. A boat was lowered, and a mate and several of the men started to rescue the dog. He seemed to know at once what was meant. The mate went on board, where he examined the ship as well as he could, and saw that the only thing alive on it was the dog, who jumped about him with so much delight as to seriously embarrass his movements. He went back to his boat, and called the dog after him. The dog gladly followed, and after he was safely in the boat the mate set fire to the vessel, for it was dangerous to leave it in the position in which he found it. It is quite possible that the dog and some of the crew will again meet.

The Speed of a Fly

An instrument for measuring the flight of birds was made years ago. This instrument has been adapted to measuring the flight of insects. It has been discovered that a house-fly flies faster than birds. It can fly twenty-five feet a second, and when frightened it increases its speed to one hundred and sixty feet a second. A swallow is considered the swiftest of flying birds. A naturalist saw a swallow chasing a dragon-fly, and it could not catch the fly. Bees and wasps not infrequently keep up with a fast train for some distance, trying to get in at a window.

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The Spectator

Many things recently have led the Spectator to place a higher value than before upon the blessed gift of a quick and true sense of the ludicrous. He has been led to consider the many religious movements that would have lacked their characteristic features had not their leaders been totally lacking in a perception of humor—a sense of the ridiculous. He has good ground for believing, moreover, that the dangerous classes, so called, are notably destitute of that sense. Was it Pascal who said that the sense of the ludicrous is a great protection to the spiritual life (or words to that effect)? Who will tell us how much the gift of seeing the ridiculous at first glance has had to do in making history? It takes some courage, in this day of faddists, each with a sure antidote for the ills of humanity, for a modest Spectator to offer another prescription; but he would really like to see the culture of the sense of humor somehow made a part of our educational system—particularly that branch relating to the reformation of delinquents.

❀

Some one has said, "Tell me what a man laughs at, and I will tell you what he is." Cannot children be taught what to laugh at? what is really amusing? the difference between genuine and spurious fun? When children have learned that, and their sense of the ridiculous has had wholesome development, what chance will there be in the future for the success of much that is passing for reform and religion to-day?

❀

"How ridiculous!" Perhaps so. The Spectator is not inclined to argue, at least not until cooler weather. And then he can see how much less fun there will be in the world when everybody's sense of the ridiculous saves everybody from doing anything ridiculous. Can we who have a keen sense for amusing incidents—particularly on solemn occasions—afford to have life less entertaining than it is? Alas for the dullness of Drumtochty when its ministers are in no danger of slipping into bidding ilka man as sune as he gets hame to gae to his closet and ask himself, "Am I a goat?" And for our own city when on a main avenue we may not again meet anything akin to blind Tom sandwiched in between two great posters of the Salvation Army—the one upon his chest announcing as he gropes along, "I am the Lord—there is none else," etc., etc. Does it not lighten one's commonplace existence considerably to come upon the frowsy beggar on the Sixth Avenue with his lapel placard, "Poetry for Sale"? Does not sluggish fancy get a spur that makes "respectfully declined" in the pocket less a weight than before?

❀

The Spectator would make the culture of the sense of the ridiculous a part of the education of the clergy—that is, of that small minority which furnishes so many good stories for the majority of the brethren. And yet it would be a great pity to cut off the production of those stories. All in all, perhaps it would be best to except the clergy from this new field of culture. Who but a clergyman deplorably devoid of a sense of the ludicrous would, upon his first appearance before the congregation to which the elderly damsel belonged whose affianced he had just become, have taken for his text, "She hath done what she could," and he a dried-up little old man, with a shrill, squeaky voice? And that velvety-black missionary who came forward from a background of surpliced white clergymen and twice repeated the first clause of his text, "Though ye have lain among the pots"—what wonder that his brethren in the chancel, to say nothing of the congregation, had hard work to keep on their serious faces!

❀

But where have we more impressive and abiding example of utter destitution in the sense of the ridiculous than in the cemeteries of the land, both ancient and modern—those at country cross-roads and on the borders of our great cities as well? The old tombstones, of course, are the more entertaining, but many of those of to-day stand in evidence of an undeveloped sense on the part of the writers of the inscriptions. Collections of curious epitaphs may be found for the seeking, the most of them illustrating what can be done *in memoriam* by those who have no sense of the ridiculous. The bare brevity of the tombstone inscriptions of the present day is one of the results, no doubt, of the hilarity afforded by the old fashion. Better too little on a tombstone than too much, and that for the provoking of laughter; and yet it is easy enough to find new headstones bearing inscriptions like this: "Glory to God in the highest! Here lies —— ——."

❀

But are not Americans, all in all, the Spectator would ask, better equipped with a quick sense of the ludicrous than other peoples? "Yes, what they call ludicrous," somebody answers. But is there no standard? no court of last resort in humor as in things else? If not, says the Spectator, there ought to be. Have not Americans been first in discovering the ridiculous where other peoples have been blind for ages to its prominence? Is not Mark Twain, "revised and corrected," accepted as the typical American humorist? Could the old masters have painted much that they did if their ideality had been offset by a sense of the ridiculous?

❀

According to the accounts of the Jesuit Fathers, the savage, as first known in the New World, had a keen sense of humor; he was given to playing pranks upon the black-gowns, whose lack of the sense of the ridiculous oftentimes is revealed in the version given of episodes in which the Fathers were, all unknown to themselves, even when they recorded the incident, the game of the savages they were seeking to convert, and of whom they had to learn the Indian tongue. One of the amusements of Indian tutors consisted in teaching the Fathers the wrong words for what they wanted to say in exhortation—and then great was the hilarious uproar when, in fervent simplicity, those Fathers edified their savage flocks with words wildly astray from their meaning.

❀

When the Spectator asked a friend, who has been in charge of a reformatory for years, if delinquents as a class had a perception of humor, a sense of the ridiculous, the reply was that they had not, but were notably deficient in the same. "When they can be taught to know the difference between true and spurious amusement or fun, much will have been gained for them." In the sad experience of many of the young girls of a reformatory the Spectator found abundant proof that false ideas of amusement were at the root of many a downfall—granting, as the Spectator was disposed to grant, that a dearth of wholesome amusement, of the healthy, uplifting recreation which should have been provided for them in some way, was the primal cause. Their aim had been to be amused—to have a good time—and they had been misled through ignorance into misery.

❀

Now, the Spectator knows that it is easier to ask questions than to answer them; that he is dealing superficially with a great and far-reaching subject; and that there is a distinction between the sense of humor and the sense of the ridiculous. But, before dropping the subject, he would ask if the cultivation of the sense of humor should not be included in some way in our educational system, particularly as it relates to the juvenile delinquent?

Notes and Queries

There is one point about "free silver" on which I ask for your opinion. Why are the free silver coinage men so determined to have a ratio of 16 to 1? Why are they not willing and anxious to have a ratio that will put one hundred cents' worth of silver metal into a silver dollar, rather than a ratio of 16 to 1, which puts only fifty-three cents' worth into a dollar? It seems to me as if that would be fair and honest, and that free coinage of silver would then hurt no one. Of course silver dollars of twice the weight of the present ones would be rather heavy to carry around in one's pocket, but nobody wants to carry around those we now have in circulation.
E. A. S.

Free-coinage advocates say that the object of bimetallism, whether international or national, is to increase the yearly supply of additional currency. If the ratio were changed so that silver could be coined only at its present bullion value, none would be coined, since the entire product of silver at present prices is demanded for other purposes. The whole object of bimetallism—the expansion of the currency—would be defeated.

1. What is the best text-book of Forensics? 2. Is there a better text-book for history of Christian doctrine than Harnack's work? 3. What is the ratio of Catholic to Protestant inhabitants of the Dominion of Canada? 4. Is Romanes's book the best discussion of theories of evolution? W. S. S.

1. The best that we know of are "Briefs for Forensics" and "Argumentative Composition," by Professor George P. Baker, of Cambridge. 2. None that we can recommend. 3. At the last census the population of Canada was, in round numbers, 5,000,000, of whom 2,000,000 were Roman Catholics. 4. We do not know which book of his you refer to, but there is no more eminent expositor of the subject. The principal interest of late has attached to the discussion of Weismann's theory, for which see the "Nineteenth Century" in successive numbers a year ago.

I wish to know of a work or two which will give me light on the parable of the unjust steward (Luke xvi., 1-14). H. H.

This parable is not (as usually understood) a story of an illegitimate transfer of property, defrauding the landlord, but of a just rectification of accounts by taking off fraudulent overcharges on the tenants. The "bills" (or "bonds," R.V.) stated higher figures than the ledgers; the steward pocketed the excess; the reductions made the bills agree with the ledgers. This was simple justice, though from a low motive. We do not know any book to recommend to you for this parable.

Please give lists of the best books in psychology and ethics, in the order to be read, for one who has but an elementary knowledge of either subject, and wishes to study both thoroughly, with special regard to their relation to each other. H. S.

In psychology, Compayré, as an introduction; then Professor James's one-volume abridgment, then Höffding. In ethics, Muirhead's "Elements," then Bowne's "Principles," then Alexander's "Moral Order and Progress."

Please inform me of some reliable work upon heredity. I am very anxious for something upon the subject. W. G. B.

Dr. A. H. Bradford's book "Heredity and Social Problems" will put you on the track of all that is best on this subject, through its copious references to contemporary discussions.

Will some one furnish me with the birthdays of (1) Dr. John Brown, "Rab's freend, ye ken;" (2) Robert Louis Stevenson, and (3) William III. of England? E. H. K.

1. September 2, 1810. 2. November 13, 1850. 3. November 4, 1650.

Will you kindly tell me who said, when seeing a man going to the gallows, "There goes —— but for the grace of God"? H. S. F.

It has been attributed to John Bunyan.

At the end of Froude's second volume of the Carlyle biography, "Life in London," the author tells of Carlyle's death and burial. Then, after saying that Scotland will have raised a monument over his grave, but that none is needed, he closes with the following paragraph, put in quotation-marks, but no source being given. Can any one fix its author? "For giving his soul to the common cause, he has won for himself a wreath which will not fade, and a tomb the most honorable, not where his dust is decaying, but where his glory lives in everlasting remembrance. For of illustrious men all the earth is the sepulcher, and it is not the inscribed column in their own land which is the record of their virtues, but the unwritten memory of them in the hearts and minds of all mankind."

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Perhaps some recent correspondents in Notes and Queries may like to know that Mrs. Urania Bailey (not "Marcia," as the types, probably, would have it) and Julia Gill were one and the same person. Mrs. Bailey's early home was in Gill, Mass., and many of her contributions to literature were under the pen-name of Julia Gill. S. B. T.

"A. M. R.," who inquires for the poem "The Children's Crusade," in your paper of the 15th inst., may find same in Longfellow's Poems, Part II. of "Ultima Thule." It is an unfinished poem, and, as published in the Riverside Edition of Longfellow's Poems in 1883, does not contain the lines quoted by "A. M. R." E. L. D.

Have any of The Outlook's readers a second-hand copy of Charles Kingsley's "West Indies" which they wish to sell? It is now out of print. If so, please address E. M. Sherman, Box 95, Brodhead, Wis.

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The Home Club

Picnics

The beautiful months of September and October are before us, the months in which a picnic can be made a perfect delight. It is doubtful if any picnic can be made a thing of joy if it is made to last all day; but a picnic which means taking tea in the woods will always be a delight. First, it affords opportunity for the fathers to join the party; and, secondly, the novelty cannot wear off before it is time to return home. The whole success of a picnic depends, first, upon whether or not the people who go to it, whether of one family or many, have in them the element of Bohemianism which will enable them to sit on a stone without fretting because it is uncomfortable; to see a spider without a screech, and a worm without a shriek; and not to fret if they are not provided with knife, fork, spoon, and napkin, or feel personally affronted if the tea is not of the right temperature. After that the success of a picnic depends on work being reduced to a minimum. Wooden plates to be broken up and burned; paper napkins to kindle the fire; few edibles, but those daintily prepared, and the load of provision so divided that nobody is tired when he gets to the grounds—these things form the secret of a good picnic.

Petty Criticism

The London "Telegraph" tells the story of an English Congregational minister who, it is claimed, has endured everything that results from a large family and a small income without complaint. But at his last charge he was aroused to the point of indignation and protest. His wife had made a pretty bonnet, and the minister received a dozen anonymous letters protesting against a minister's wife dressing so conspicuously. We had supposed that this sort of oversight had died out, and that a minister's wife was no longer a piece of church property. Not very long ago a minister told of being called upon by one of his deacons, who seemed greatly embarrassed when he called. After considerable hesitation, and many attempts to explain the reasons of his visit, it finally came out. He really felt, as a friend and brother, that he ought to protest against the minister's wife wearing such bright-colored ribbons to church; the minister politely told him that he considered his wife quite competent to judge of the color of the ribbon she should put on her bonnet. It was this same minister's wife who received a visit from two of the members of the church, women, who called to protest against the minister's wife using white sugar in making crullers. They thought that, with her husband's salary, she should use brown sugar. She had the courage to tell them that when she asked them to pay her bills she would expect to have them tell her how the money should be spent that came into her hands.

Household Waste

The new law in regard to the collection of household refuse in New York City went into effect August first. This compels the householder to have three receptacles: one for garbage, one for ashes, and one for paper. About seventy-five per cent. of the householders obeyed the law. Several arrests have been made, and the accused are out on bail. These arrests were intended for the education of the people in the lower sections of the city. The cost for the collection of household refuse is one that makes serious inroads on the city's income. It might be reduced by the individual citizen destroying on his own premises all that is capable of destruction within those limitations. Garbage may be dried and become a fuel by a simple device approved by Colonel Waring, the New York Street Commissioner. Garbage should not be burned in stoves or ranges unless previously dried. Magazines and weekly papers should be sent once a month to some one of the organizations that exist in every city for the purpose of distributing reading matter in prisons, hospitals, and to the home missionary fields of the several denominations. Shoes and clothes are a reproach to the householder who treats them as waste. The charity organization societies can always use this portion of the family's belongings that have ceased to be useful. There is a public economy that is part of the education of good citizenship.

She was Comforted

The New York "Tribune" of recent date tells the story of a little girl of four, who, with her nurse, was walking at the seaside. They came to an inlet, and the nurse decided to row across, believing that by rowing across she shortened the walk home. When the boat reached the opposite shore, she put the child ashore, believing she was but a short distance from home, and rowed the borrowed boat back. The distance was short, but very rough and difficult for a little girl of four. She struggled on through the coarse grass and sand, climbing hillocks and walking through depths. At last her mother saw her coming and hurried to meet her. She exclaimed, "Were you frightened, my sweet?" "I felt very lost," was the reply, "but I sang 'Lead, kindly Light' to myself all the way."

There was never a stronger argument than this for teaching little children hymns and poetry that have thought in them. The pity of it, that the minds of children are filled so often with nonsense, when it would require no greater effort to give them the inspiration of good literature!

A Bird Day

A "Bird Day" was established at Oil City, Pa., in 1894. The establishing of Bird Day there was the natural outcome of the nature-studies pursued in all the grades of the schools for several years. In winter the winter birds in the city, their habits and appearance, are studied. Two periods of twenty minutes each are given each week to the study of birds, which are made the subject of essays. The pupils compare notes, and have instituted a bird calendar, in which the members of the class note the appearance of the birds in the spring and their haunts. The interest aroused in the birds that frequent the city and suburbs has proved the best possible protection for the birds; they have notably increased. The example of the school authorities in Oil City has been followed by many other cities in Pennsylvania.

Telephones in Kitchens

In San Francisco a telephone service which might be called a larder service has been established. The cost is fifty cents per month. Orders to the tradesmen can be given, but no answer can be received. Marketing by telephone is a convenience, but it costs more than the telephone rates. To the housewife who must practice economy in household expenses, personal visits to the butcher, the baker, and especially the vegetable and fruit men, are a necessary daily duty. The price and quality vary from day to day, and personal inspection saves many dollars that must be included with the cost of the telephone.

Invention and Necessity

The increase in the knowledge of hygiene and the reducing of space in bedrooms makes one of the problems of modern civilization. As we learn of the necessity of single beds and air-space, we face the fact that only the wealthy can afford air-space. It has been suggested that the iron bedsteads, double deck, like the bunks in a stateroom, could be used for children in small bedrooms, and that they would be preferable to double beds. These beds are on rollers and could be pulled out from the wall. A little ingenuity would provide side bars somewhat on the order of cribs, which would prevent small children from rolling out.

For Purifying Water

A French scientist has invented a method of purifying water in large quantities, which the authorities say can be applied to the water used in the household. Mix a slight quantity of alum with the water to be purified, stir it thoroughly, and then let it settle. When the water is settled, decant. Do not disturb the sediment. A cream whip-churn or egg-beater can be used for stirring the water. Water filtered through a filter that is not constantly watched and cleansed is far more dangerous than contaminated water used without filtering.

Babies' Food

Dr. B. Van D. Hedges read before the New Jersey County Medical Society a paper on the Quality and Quantity of Infants' Food, in which he advises that a nursing baby, whether at breast or using the bottle, be weighed two or three times a week on an accurate pair of scales. A gain, Dr. Hedges says, of from a half to three-quarters of an ounce a day indicates a healthy progress. Less than this indicates that the baby's food is not nourishing it. In Boston the school children are weighed in the physical examination regularly conducted under the physicians employed by the Board of Education.

A Business Opening

A woman in New York has decided to open a depot where women can have their boots blacked and cared for. She will go a step further toward meeting a want if she will send out collectors who will gather the boots at customers' houses and deliver them. Buttons could be sewed on at so much apiece, or, better still, arrangements made by the month for keeping the family foot-gear in order. When possible, this work could be done by the agent at the house. It is one of the ways for a young girl to make money. She should be quick, neat, and observing.

Young housewives may depend on Cleveland's baking powder. It does the work just right every time. "I have used Cleveland's baking powder over 25 years—it never disappoints."—Mrs. B. F.

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Correspondence

International Trade

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your correspondent "N." takes issue with my statement that the change of our currency to silver monometallism would prove an embarrassment to trade with gold-using countries. "Has he ever," inquires "N.," "seen so much as a mention of any impediment to trade between countries using different money standards?"

Permit me to reply that I have seen this thing mentioned quite a number of times by high economic authorities. Let me quote a few. In his latest book on "International Bimetallism" (p. 139) President Walker says:

"Such fluctuations in the relative value of the two money metals continually involve international trade in embarrassments and disturbances of the most serious character, and often reduce it to mere gambling. Without some tie which can hold the two metals at least near to each other, during the time between the manufacture and sale of the commodities and the receipt of the proceeds, the producer in a gold country can never tell for how much silver he must sell his goods in order to make himself whole and at last coin a profit; the producer in a silver country can never tell for how much gold he must sell his goods in order to make himself whole, or perhaps win a profit."

The Herschell Commission of 1888, in treating of "the inconvenience which arises in the exchange between gold-using and silver-using countries," says that it is no doubt "reduced to a minimum by the action of exchange banks and telegraphic transfers," but maintains that the difficulty and inconvenience are yet serious. "It must be borne in mind that the fluctuations in exchange, even in a single day, have, of late years, often been considerable; and, inasmuch as it is not always possible to close the transaction on both sides and make the settlement of the exchange simultaneously, some risk to the merchant is at times inevitable. Besides this, it is said that the exchange difficulty tends to limit trade, and to restrict it to those cases in which a contract of sale and purchase can be made in the two countries at the same time." This Commission, composed of monometallists and bimetallists in equal numbers, and probably the strongest group of financiers ever associated for such a purpose, unanimously agreed in this statement.

Sir Louis Mallet, an eminent bimetallist of this Commission, thus testified: "I desire to express very distinctly the opinion that I attach far more importance to the injurious effect of constant fluctuations in their relative value, in imparting a character of uncertainty and insecurity to the international exchanges between gold and silver using countries, than to a mere alteration in their relation to each other, in one form or another, whether by a rise or fall of either metal."

M. Montefiore Levi, who was the President of the Brussels Conference, in referring to the same financial dislocation, says: "There is no need, we believe, to look elsewhere for the cause of the noticeable falling off which has taken place in international transactions. The hesitation which checks all great enterprises, and which paralyzes many markets, is the direct consequence of the instability in the price of silver as compared with gold." And Mr. W. N. Shaw, a strong monometallist, predicts that if the existing differences of standard continue for a century, they will "sever the world into two completely independent and non-communicating circles—silver-using East and gold-using West."

On these questions of international finance I have no right to any independent opinion; but I hope that I have shown that there is good authority for believing that there are serious impediments to trade between countries using different money standards. And if, as I greatly fear, the free coinage of silver by this country at 16 to 1 would result in reducing our currency to the basis of silver monometallism, then, according to all these high authorities, a serious dislocation of trade must result between this country and countries adhering to the gold standard. And it must be admitted that the tone of most of Mr. Bryan's speeches conveys the impression that intercourse between this country and Europe is highly undesirable.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

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Mexico and Silver

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As to Mexico and free silver; my critics aver that the Mexican laborer is not so well paid as his brother north of the Rio Grande, inferentially because Mexico has free silver. Is the German workman paid American wages, or the Englishman? Does the money standard fix wages? Is a high wage-rate but no work satisfactory? I adhere to the statements I made that Mexico has had no panics or depressions while we have had several; that, starting from industrial zero, Mexico has made remarkable progress; and I draw the conclusion that, so far from her silver coinage having wrought the disaster with which we are threatened, her steady prosperity is due in large part to her steady prices, in contrast with our spasms of business contraction due largely to constantly falling prices. The fluctuations of exchange rates, which disturb Mr. Burnham, are not dependent upon the value of silver. Fluctuations are of daily occurrence between domestic cities, and on London. They are greater in a small country, whose bankers' balances vary more because trade is smaller.

Let the readers and the critics hold to the real issues: not the status, but the progress, of Mexico (and Japan), in spite of (or by reason of) a non-appreciating currency and steady prices, compared with the fitful ups and downs of industry in this our vastly better qualified United States.

N. O. NELSON.

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Is It Honest?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In Dr. van Dyke's letter, published in The Outlook of August 15, he makes the following statement: "Bimetallism is not the question at issue. Both parties have declared in favor of the use of gold and silver as money. The difference between them is the difference between honest bimetallism and dishonest bimetallism." Such statements as the above, the Republican platform, and the utterances of Republican newspapers and campaign orators, all convey the impression that the Republican party is in favor of bimetallism, and hold out the idea that that party has a vital interest in the silver cause, which it proposes to promote by the safest and surest method, viz., international agreement. And these orators and editors wonder why the silver leaders look askance when international bimetallism is proposed as a remedy.

In every National Convention where a plank has been adopted proposing international bimetallism and pledging the party to work for its success, it has always been as a sop to the silver men, for the purpose of holding the "silver vote," and not the outcome of conviction.

Indeed, as compared with the believers in "free silver" and those who believe in a single gold standard, or have no convictions on the question, the element in this country which favors bimetallism *from conviction and opposes free coinage* is too small to seriously influence any party or platform.

Heretofore the pledges to work for international bimetallism have been disregarded or violated as soon as election was over and the need of votes past; and until such doctrines are adopted as a matter of principle instead of expediency, no other course can be expected.

The only exception to this statement recalled by the writer occurred during the term of President Harrison, when he took action concerning the European Conference, and the effort to pacify the silver vote in that case was so obvious that it needs no comment.

Another reason why those interested in the silver cause do not indorse the plank calling for international action is because there is little reason to believe that the most strenuous efforts on the part of the United States through its officials could bring about an agreement of European nations.

The interests of all the European nations are not identical, and the prospect of uniting them upon the question of coinage is not within the bounds of probability.

The prospect of securing British assent is especially gloomy, and yet most bimetallists who favor international action insist that British co-operation is essential.

The fact of the matter, as it seems to the friends of silver, is that the European co-operation plan, which is known to be impossible of execution—if, indeed, any effort is made to execute it—makes a convenient covert to skulk behind when election is near and the believers in free coinage are rampant. At such times its exponents are bimetallists. On all other occasions they believe in a single gold standard, or at least desire no change.

FRANK L. WENTWORTH.

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Prices and Values

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Some of your correspondents who are attempting to throw light on the silver problem have a singular faculty of casting nothing but darkness thereon. Thus, Mr. N. O. Nelson, in the issue of August 22, quotes Henry Clews to the effect that silver countries would send their bullion here to be coined, because they would thus double its value, and says: "This assumes that our free-coinage dollar would be at par with gold." This is very funny, for Mr. Clews assumes exactly the contrary. He assumes that silver which can be bought for fifty cents will be sent to the mint and be stamped a dollar, thus giving the owner a profit which doubles the exchangeable value, so that a debt of one dollar can be paid with fifty cents' worth of bullion. Mr. Nelson confounds nominal value and actual value in this and in all his statements concerning a rise in prices. What he terms a "rise in prices" is in reality only a depreciation of the dollar. If I make a straw hat worth fifty cents in gold, and sell it to take pay in silver, I must ask a dollar for it, because there is only fifty cents of actual value in the dollar. It seems to be a rise in the price of the hat, but is not, because my silver dollar will fetch only fifty cents exchanged for gold. The rise in price is a fiction intended to meet the fiction in calling fifty cents' worth of silver a dollar, but the real values remain as they were before. The owner of the silver thought he had doubled his money by free coinage until he bought the hat, and then he saw that the rise in prices balanced the gain in coinage.

This, of course, is the ultimate result when the community gets adjusted to the conditions; but while in process of adjustment there may elapse a year or more when the uncalculating, the ignorant, and the poor, who are forced to exchange their labor and their products at once, and cannot wait for prices to come to a level, will be victimized by the holders of the depreciated dollars. I make the hat, but, being poor, must sell it immediately to get money to buy bread. Hunger forces me, but the man who wants my hat can wait a week or month for it, and with that advantage compels me to a sale at the old rate and pays me in depreciated silver, getting the hat at half price. In disposing of two hats I actually lose one, and cannot help myself until the price of hats comes

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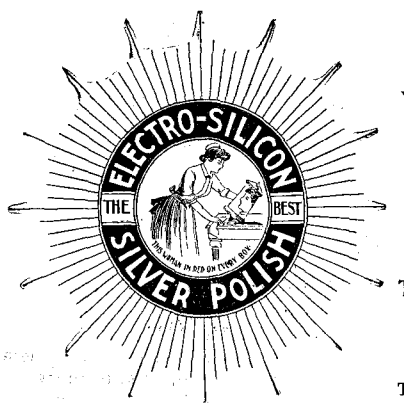

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up to the depreciation of silver, which will not be for a long time. As it will be the same with all other articles produced by labor, it amounts to a reduction of wages for the whole laboring class during all the time it may take prices to reach the level.

The stimulation of business so confidently predicted by Mr. Nelson will be only seeming and unreal. The silver man who buys my hat at half-price will doubtless buy another sooner than he would had he paid me a fair price, and that will give me double employment if he buys two hats in the same time that he would have bought only one; but he won't do that, because it would be equivalent to throwing one hat away and losing the fifty cents made in coinage of his bullion. Should he do it, I would be doubly busy, and that would give the appearance of greater activity, while in reality it would be giving double labor for only the original pay. The laboring man cannot afford to work twice as many hours just to show that there is more employment to be had; and that is all there is of any scheme based on pure fiction, as the fifty-cent dollar is.

Stimulation of business is a good thing when there is reality behind it, but fiction, which debases the dollar which should compensate the laborer, robs him and doubles his burdens. Mr. Nelson in his general conclusion is right, that there is no warrant for thinking prices will rise enough to make up the loss to the public by the coinage of fifty-cent dollars. So the scheme should be voted down.

J. B. M.

Paxton, Mass.

The Single-Tax Campaign

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of August 15 is an article by Priscilla Leonard headed "Humors of the Single-Tax Campaign," in which there are some misstatements, which, with your kind permission, I will correct, prefacing by saying that while there may be a humorous side to this campaign, the work was not undertaken for the sake of recreation. Men don't tramp over dusty roads during hot weather, distributing literature, speaking two or three hours to a crowd on the street corners, and then tramp back over a lonely, dark road at midnight to poor lodgings, or wait at some small station until the early morning hours for a train or boat, and sleep on tables or chairs, merely for their own amusement. These men believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and the consequent right of all to the use of the earth. Therefore they mean what they say when they sing,

> "We want the earth, we want the earth!
> Our warrant is our manhood's worth,
> Our title is our human birth."

This campaign was undertaken with the knowledge that opposition would come, and lately some one has "seriously objected," as is proved by the jailing of eighteen of the campaigners. As soon as the jailing was begun the committee had offers from all over the country from men willing to go to jail for their convictions; not one hundred, but several hundred, most of them entirely unsolicited. This, too, shows that the men were in earnest, for the jail at Dover was built to hold forty, but is made to hold more than twice that number, and, aside from packing six or eight men in cells eight by ten feet, the sanitary conditions are such that it is a wonder there has not been a pestilence there long before this.

In regard to the "willful obstinacy" of the Single-Taxers in "refusing to apply" for a permit to speak on the streets, it has never been necessary for Republicans, Democrats, Salvation Army, street fakirs, or any one to get a permit to speak on the street, and Single-Tax meetings were held there all last summer. In fact, on the very night of the arrest of Mr. Stephenson for "obstructing the highway" there was easy passage through on both sidewalk and street, while within a stone's throw of that place a street fakir was talking to a crowd which blocked the whole street, but he was not arrested. At a later meeting two Councilmen and one minister stood on the sidewalk, making passage through difficult; and, on being requested by a Single-Taxer to make room for passers, refused to do so, and a few minutes later testified in court that the street was blocked. The Single-Taxers meanwhile asked to present the case to Councils, that the matter might be talked over and permission given to speak on the street. Twice was a time set, and twice the subject was utterly ignored by Councils, against their promise. The village green is dark and unfrequented, and a meeting there would be like a meeting out of town. The Single-Taxers did apply for a permit to speak, but were denied on the ground that Councils never gave permits to speak on the street; they gave permits only for processions and the like.

The Single-Taxers, knowing that the Constitution grants the right of free speech, had no alternative but to make the attempt to speak; with the result that eighteen of them were put into jail for thirty days, with hardly a semblance of trial. In two cases witnesses who were ready to prove that the streets were not blocked were threatened with twenty days for contempt of court.

Justice Cooper evidently did not reckon on the determination of the Single-Taxers, for it would be impossible to find room in that jail for all who offered to go. Besides, the expense of costs, board, etc., was an item. At last accounts the authorities determined to make no more arrests, but would give no police protection, which means mob rule. Pending the decision of the judge in habeas corpus proceedings, there was no attempt to hold meetings there last week; but Mr. Stephenson, chairman of the committee, who on Sunday last finished his sentence of thirty days, has declared his intention of speaking again in Dover nearly every night this week.

In justice to the Single-Taxers it seems necessary to make this very brief statement of facts to show that they did not provoke the struggle willingly; they tried every way except a giving up of their rights; but as they were met on every side by silence or opposition, they had no recourse but to make the fight, which is a fight for freedom for others as well as for themselves.

They are "frankly elated," not over the "opportunity for martyrdom," but over the great help the Dover authorities have unintentionally given their work. The common people hear them gladly wherever they speak. Men with rough, ragged clothes listen to the new gospel with mouth and ears wide open, and it is discussed on the street corners and in the workshops as nothing has ever been discussed before. Farmers who can hardly get enough to live on see a way out of their poverty and misery, and are eager for literature on the subject. The monopolists, however, see that the work is assuming larger proportions than they had ever dreamed of, and are making an attempt to stay the onward course, with the result of helping rather than hindering. No reform was ever brought about without opposition, and the Single-Tax campaigners expected it, but will keep up the work until their efforts are crowned with success. Already Newcastle has a majority of ninety in a vote of six hundred for delegates to the Democratic State Convention held August 18, and two wards of Wilmington elected two Single-Tax delegates. The result of these fourteen months of work is marvelous, and the "conspiracy of silence" is broken, the stage of ridicule passed, and no power can undo what has been done, not even a Dogberry, miscalled a Justice.

Before closing I wish to give Mr. Stephenson's letter in answer to that of Governor Watson quoted in your paper, as showing the stuff Single-Taxers are made of:

Governor Watson, Milford, Del.:

Dear Sir—I have your favor of the 22d inst., and note that you deliberately propose to break your word. I also note your implication that we are lawbreakers, but as our case is precisely like that of Messrs. Stephens and Horan, I would like to know if you then released lawbreakers. You will remember that on that occasion you were very indignant over the arrest. You denounced it as an outrage, and released them without any request from me. To the Rev. Jesse C. Taylor, of Lewes, and to the Secretary of our committee also, you voluntarily expressed your opinion that the action of the Dover authorities was the result of political trickery, and silly trickery at that. To our Mr. John S. Crosby, also, you denounced the Dover authorities, saying, "Why, those fellows have overridden the right of trial by jury!" It is not for me to say why you have so suddenly deserted free speech and broken your word, but this I can say: I would rather be in this jail with a clear conscience than occupying your position.

Yours truly, A. H. Stephenson.

Single-Taxers doubtless do get "fun" out of their work—even those in the jail do that; but the humorous side is seldom seen. It is serious work, and only those who are filled with love for humanity, only those who see in the Single Tax the cure for the starvation and suffering about them, are willing to make the necessary sacrifices.

Florence A. Burleigh,
Sec'y Phila. Single Tax Society.

—A correspondent of an English paper thus describes the life of the Queen of Italy in the little Alpine village of Gressoney: "Dressed in the pretty scarlet costume of the peasant women, she delights in the innumerable Alpine walks and scrambles that abound on every hillside, and the wild flowers and strawberries that are now to be plucked in abundance. The Italian flag floats from the pinnacle of the château, and the chief houses in the neighborhood have attested their loyalty by a similar demonstration. The Queen lives the simplest and quietest of lives. It is her desire to lay aside for the time being all state ceremony and function, and the inhabitants of the village respect her wishes. Once they have welcomed her by a triumphal arch, illuminated lanterns, and by lining the roadway, they continue their daily avocations as though their lady Sovereign were still at Monza or Rome."

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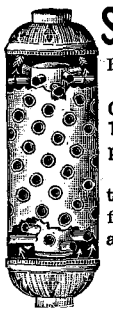
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A Conference

The home of the Rev. B. Fay Mills, on the banks of the Hudson, at Fort Edward, N. Y., was the scene during the last week of August of a unique gathering, which set an example likely to be widely imitated. Upon the invitation of Mr. Mills a conference was held for exchange of views on some of the most pressing questions of the day. There were present, with Mr. Mills, Mr. Bolton Hall, of New York, of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor; Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, of New York, President of the Social Reform Club; President George A. Gates, of Iowa College; the Rev. Charles S. Daniel, of the Neighborhood Guild, Philadelphia; Professor Edward W. Bemis, one of the editors of the "Bibliotheca Sacra;" Professor Frank Parsons, of the Boston University; the Rev. William M. Brundage, of Albany; the Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, of the "Church of Social Union" of Boston; Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago; Professor John R. Commons, of the Syracuse University, and his associate Dr. I. H. Hamilton; Professor Kinly, of the State University of Illinois; and the Rev. Dr. J. A. Mills, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. The pledge of confidence made the discussions refreshingly frank. Each topic was introduced by some one qualified to do so, not only by study, but by experience, and the avoidance of set papers gave the conversations unusual spontaneity and spirit. The subjects ranged from free silver through a wide field of sociological interest up to the deeper problems of the relations of the community to institutional religion, and still deeper questionings of the attitude of the modern man and society to the fundamental conception of the Divine Love and Creative Power. It was a week of intimate and inspiring intellectual and spiritual intimacy. The perfect weather and the harvest moon made it possible to hold the sessions day and evening out of doors, on the lawn by the water's edge, under the shade of the grand old elms planted there by General Rogers, of Revolutionary fame; and the radiance of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mills completed the charm of the setting. It is proposed to repeat the Conference next year. X.

After a Windfall

A well-known next-of-kin agent was asked the other day as to the manner in which persons of humble circumstances disposed of fortunes or large sums of money which they had come into suddenly.

"Few human beings are alike," remarked the agent, "and very few of my clients behave in the same way in their change of circumstances. Some become proud and mean, and even try to cheat me out of the fees on the money they receive through me. It is this sort of person that usually buys a large house in a distant part of the country, sets up a carriage, and does his best to look like a swell.

"A blacksmith who inherited £45,000 ten years ago took to drinking and betting, and is now in the workhouse.

"A small farmer and his wife who came into £18,000 placed the same on deposit in the local bank, and have left it there ever since. They live in the same humble manner as before, and do not seem to appreciate their change of circumstances.

"In one case the recipient of an almost fabulous fortune became mad. He had been a struggling man for years, had tried his hand at inventing, commercial traveling, journalism, shopkeeping, and almost every occupation, during which time he enjoyed capital health; but good fortune killed him."—*London Mail.*

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The Business World

The Week

The financial feature of interest for the week has been the increased importation of gold. Something like $20,000,000 of gold either has arrived or has been engaged. Meanwhile, foreign exchange has been as low as 4.82½ for demand sterling; this is the lowest rate known for several years. In the money market the rate for money on call has been very high; 8 per cent. has been a common rate, and on Monday of this week the rate rose to 12 per cent. Financial experts have been ready with elaborate explanations for this somewhat peculiar condition of things. The influx of gold has been, of course, most welcome; in former years it was considered quite the natural course for gold to come this way at this time of year, and the return to this movement would not formerly have needed explanation at all. It is not believed that the exchange syndicate has directly brought about the importation. The effect on the stock market has been bracing, and a general rise in prices has followed. There were signs on Monday of this week that the improvement had reached its culmination, at least for the present. The bank statement for the week was less favorable than had been hoped. The decrease in deposits was over six millions, in legal tenders over two and one-half millions, in loans over three millions; the gold importations do not show in this statement, but will in that of the following week. In general trade the demand continues very small, and the amount of business low for this time of year. Prices of staples are generally even lower than before, though wheat, coal, and sugar show some advance. The exportation of wheat continues to be large. "Bradstreet's" record of business failures shows an increase of fifty-four in number over that for the preceding week, and 130 over that for the same week a year ago; the total was 320. We speak elsewhere of the Hilton, Hughes & Co. failure. Another failure of special interest was that of the Kings County Elevated Railroad of Brooklyn, which on Monday of this week was put into the hands of a receiver. Unsuccessful competition with the trolley lines is assumed as the cause.

A New Industry

It has long been known that the fiber of an Indian plant called the Rhea was capable of making splendid cloth cheaply. The difficulty has been to find a process of separating the fiber from the bark. Cloth made from this plant has been found wrapped about Egyptian mummies, and it has been in use in the Far East, where the element of wages for labor was unimportant. The Indian Government has offered large prizes for a satisfactory solution of the problem. The honor of solving the problem has now, the London "Times" says, fallen to an English chemist. Mr. Gomess, after many experiments, has elaborated a process which the Indian Government is at length able to pronounce a complete success. "The difficulties which previously existed," says the official memorandum lately issued by its Inspector-General of Forests, "in regard to the extraction of the valuable textile fiber from the bark of the rhea plants have been entirely overcome by what is known as the Gomess process, and a large demand has sprung up for ribbons of dried bark, with every probability of its increasing to enormous proportions." After referring to the operations of the Rhea Fiber-Treatment Company in London and its dependent associations now being established throughout India, Europe, and America, the official memorandum proceeds to indicate how the production of the fiber may be increased in practically unlimited quantities to meet the demand, and adds: "These facts seem to point to the conclusion that we are on the dawn of an industry which even promises to rival jute cultivation." The Inspector-General then draws out a scheme for aiding the cultivators by official information as to the areas most suitable for the growth of the plant and the varieties best adapted to each locality, and by government experiments as to the best modes of stripping, drying, and baling the bark. The subject, he insists, "becomes all the more important and urgent as reports reach us from the French colonies of considerable activity in the rhea fiber trade, and as it would not be convenient to be outstripped by them."

Russian Agricultural Outlook

The London "Statist" says: "From an interesting article by a Russian writer in a French journal we learn that the agricultural industry in Russia is passing through a very severe crisis, owing, in the first place, to the antiquated methods of farming still generally in use in Russia, and, secondly, to the very low prices obtainable for grain during the past few years. Strange to say, it is the large class of farmers which has suffered most, the small peasant farmers being said to have done very well, while their larger neighbors have been practically ruined. There has, in consequence, been a good deal of cutting of big farms into small ones, a process which the writer in question believes will continue, and that consequently wheat-growing, which has been so unprofitable of late years, will to a great extent be neglected in favor of the cultivation of linseed, beet, and fruit. In course of time, in fact, it is regarded as possible that Russia, which at present exports from 16,000,000 to 18,000,000 quarters of wheat per annum, will simply grow sufficient for her home consumption."

Small Farming in Japan

The London "Times" says: "Japan, and not France or Belgium, would appear to be the land of petite culture. A couple of acres is considered a large tract for farming purposes. Most of the farms are smaller, and on a little plot a surprising variety of crops is cultivated—a few square feet of wheat, barley, maize, and millet; a plot of beans, perhaps ten feet wide by twenty feet long; a similar area of potatoes and peas, and a patch of onions 'about as big as a grave;' beet-root, lettuce, turnips, sweet potatoes, and other crops occupy the rest of the area. The farmer examines his growing crops every morning, just as an engineer inspects his machinery, and if anything is wrong he puts it right. If a weed appears in the bean-patch, he pulls it up; if a hill of potatoes or anything else fails, it is at once replanted. When he cuts down a tree, he always plants another. As soon as one crop is harvested the soil is worked over, manured, and forthwith resown to another crop. It is estimated that nine-tenths of the agricultural lands of Japan are devoted to rice, and as this is a crop requiring much water the paddy-fields are banked up into terraces, one above the other, and divided off into small plots twenty-five feet or thirty feet square, with ridges of earth between them to prevent the water from flowing away when they are flooded. All farming lands are irrigated by a system that is a thousand years old. Some of the ditches are walled up with bamboo wickerwork and some with tiles and stone. According to official statistics, 11,400,000 men and 10,948,000 women—nearly half the total population of Japan—are engaged in agriculture. Silk and tea, the two chief exports of the country, are raised almost altogether by the work of women."

American Railway Cars in England

London "Engineering" says: "After a very long life the British railway carriage, with its independent compartments, begins to show signs of having passed its meridian. As travel becomes more extended, and journeys grow in length, its disadvantages are more generally felt. Privacy and exclusiveness are dearly purchased when accompanied by virtual imprisonment without food and warmth. A long journey in winter is a painful experience. Hence the great popularity of the American corridor trains, with their freedom, comfortable temperature, and excellent meals. At present there are but few of them, but they are so much appreciated that it is evident to the railway world that in a few years they must be adopted for all long-distance traffic, and with them the second class must disappear."

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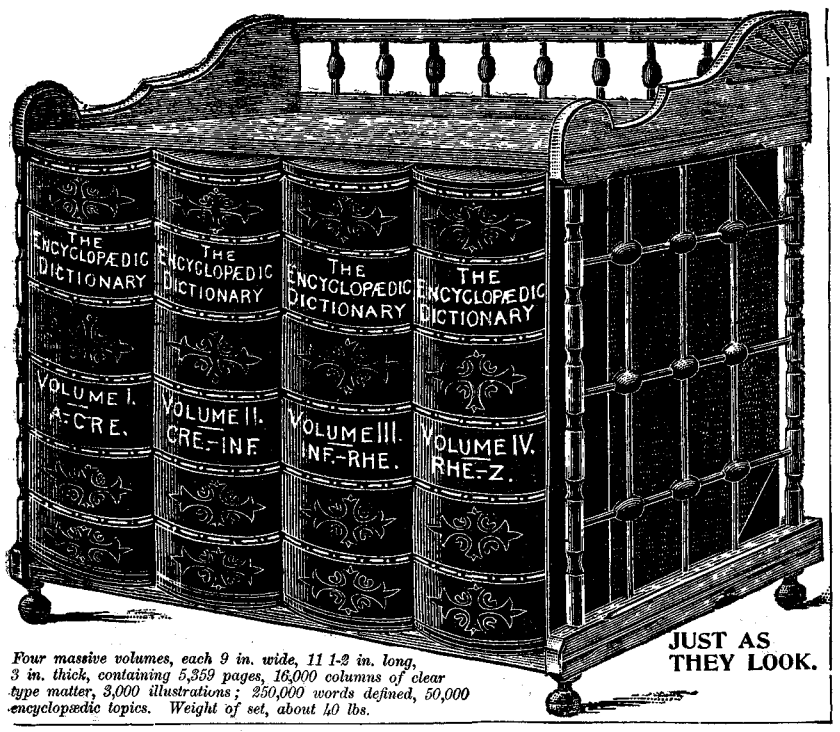

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About People

—King Menelek is said to be worth over $7,000,000 in gold and jewels.

—Herr Lothair von Faber, of Nuremberg, who recently died, left $500,000 for the purpose of beautifying the city.

—The oldest living English composer is Charles Salaman, whose song "I Arise from Dreams of Thee" was published sixty years ago.

—Mme. Camille Selden, the English woman who helped nurse Heinrich Heine in his last years, and whom he called his "mouche," died recently at Orsay.

—Edwin Lord Weeks, the American artist who was appointed a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France recently, is a Bostonian. He is as great a traveler as a painter. He has lived in Paris for twenty years.

—A requiem in memory of Franz Liszt, who died ten years ago, was celebrated in the Catholic church at Bayreuth on July 31. Frau Cosima Wagner, his daughter, observed the anniversary by a musical soirée at the Villa Wahnfried.

—Perhaps the oldest Mormon living is Elder Lorenzo Snow, whose full title is President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints. He is about eighty-three years old, and has been in the ministry of the Mormon Church for fifty years.

—A curious example of the vicissitudes of fortune is that of the late Mr. Pattison, who recently died at Rockhampton, in Queensland. He was a butcher, who struck gold, became very rich, went into politics, was made Postmaster-General, lost his money, and returned to his butcher-shop again, dying a poor man.

—A search is to be made at the ancient church of St. Mary, in Gravesend, England, for the remains of Pocahontas (Mrs. Thomas Rolfe), which are supposed to lie there and not in the church where the tablet is to be erected. A movement is on foot to erect a monument to her at the place of her death.

—Rainilaiarivony, the late Malagasy ex-Prime Minister, left 50,000 head of cattle, 2,000 slaves, 20,000 ounces of gold dust, $1,000,000 in the Bank of England, $75,000 worth of goods in his own house, a palace and other buildings at Antananarivo, the land on which the French residence-general is built (for which France pays $2,400 a year), three inland farms, real estate at Tamatave, and half the profits of a gold-mine concession made to an English company.

—The following story is told in the Dumfries (Scotland) "Standard" of Mr. Robert Wallace, the Radical member for Edinburgh:

The editor of a local paper once asked the Doctor—by which appellation Mr. Wallace continues to be addressed in the North—if he would kindly furnish an article on a "light theological topic." The Doctor responded with one bearing the title "The Relations between the Presbyterian Churches and Modern Thought." When set up, the article made forty columns, and it became a puzzle to editor and printer how to get rid of it. They began by using it in pieces, and whenever the printer said to the editor, "We've got no leader," the reply was, "Eh, mon, just sneck off about a column and a quarter o' Wallace." In this way the contribution is being used, first working down from the beginning, then upwards from the end. And, as the story goes, "they are at it still."

—Some pleasant reminiscences of the late Professor Newton, of Yale, are recounted by a writer in the Waterbury "American:"

He was almost wholly mathematical. He thought in equations and he looked in curves. At a dancing party once given at his house, he came in unexpectedly upon the dancers, with that bland smile on his face which will never be forgotten by any one who has seen it, to show the young people the algebraic formulæ of the curves they were executing as they tripped through the measures of the waltz or the polka, or danced the figures of the lancers. He predicted that the time would come when a lady wishing a wall-paper would consult some such mathematical authority as himself, who would give her a little equation which she could take down to some wall-paper maker and have it worked out in an entirely novel design.

He was taking a walk one day with the late Stuart Phelps (brother of "Gates Ajar"), and, as usual, branched off into an abstruse mathematical problem. Mr. Phelps paid little attention to its intricacies, which no one but a Professor Newton could follow; but when the Professor ended by saying, "Which, you see, gives us X," politely asked, thinking something was expected, "Does it?" The Professor, in great consternation, said, "Doesn't it?" and like lightning ran over in his mind the calculations of which he had been discoursing. In less time than it takes to tell it, he slapped Mr. Phelps on the back with great excitement, exclaiming: "You are right, Mr. Phelps, you are right. It does not give us X, it gives us Y," and immediately obtained for Mr. Phelps a mathematical tutorship. That gentleman probably knew less about mathematics (he was a distinguished psychologist) than almost any other man who ever obtained a degree at Yale. He used to tell this story on himself with great gusto.

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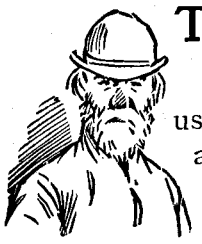

These stopped using soap, long ago. This one stopped because — well, we'll have to guess why. Perhaps, because it gave him too much work to do. That's what **everybody** thinks, for that matter, when there's nothing but soap at hand, and there's a good deal of dirt to be removed from anything.

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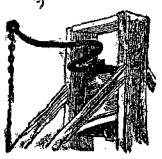

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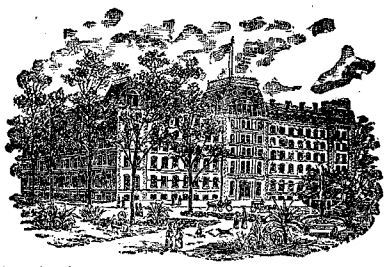

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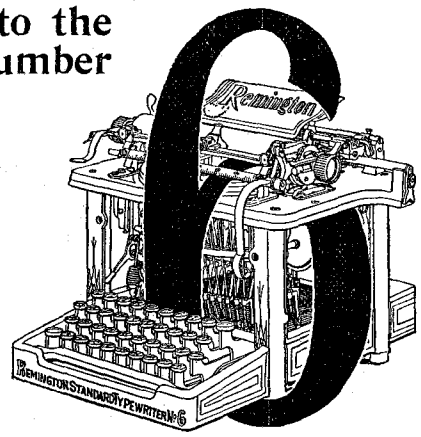

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